

T TANGLER
e has drawn them all – the dry ones
es and fly ones – and reveals the
ms over one and a half million men
arm fires and holds them, shivering
full of water, on a damp river bank
18s

S. Buck
E IS NOON
y of a girl who tries to shield herself
her home and family, and then by
when her child becomes a source
breaks loose and is forced to take
30a

tionaries of the Arts

daily. Seen from outside Texas, "the Gay Place" is not very gay.

To this strange and changing world, Mr. Evans and Mr. Novak are cool and competent guides. They cast a cold eye on the structure of Texas politics and on the Texas establishment and they show how unstable was Senator Johnson's home base and how little he was years as Vice-President did to stabilize it. In a way, there was nothing to be surprised about in this change of base. Texas was changing not only from the days of Sam Houston, but also from the days of Jim Hogg, the Texas of "Lyndon Johnson's populist" father. By the time that Senator Johnson was settling up for a statesman, Governor John Connally was representative of a shift from the old agrarian base and disinterests to the new industrial base. Oil was more important than the King Ranch, the plane plants than cotton; the new pools of federal money, being brought in round the Gulf and Dallas—providing a wonderful chance for boosting the Confederate spirit, preaching States Rights, and "tugging at the federal tit." In his last days as a senator, Lyndon Johnson cast himself as a western, not a southern senator, and cast himself only in exterior forms as a Texan from the last frontier. It did not quite take and there was a danger that he would become a western as he left. Speaker

METHUEN

Rayburn was becoming in his last years.

Yet his managerial talents, his skill as an "undertaker" (in the Elizabethan sense) were as great as ever, and when they seemed to slip, as the authors suggest they did in the encouragement given to General Gavin to testify against the accepted wisdom of the military, Senator Johnson was revealing his genuine dislike of, and lack of faith in, "the brass". It was not an intrinsically foolish attitude, whatever may have been its tactical drawbacks—and it is perhaps only through justice that some intelligent Americans now want to use General Gavin to unhorse President Johnson, who has, they think, surrendered ignominiously and disastrously to "the military".

In the same way, many of the most savage enemies of President Johnson are Democrats who regard him as betraying the promise of the New Frontier, spending billions in Vietnam that are desperately needed in urban America—and in a large part of rural Texas. Yet, as Mr. Richard Rovere has very recently pointed out, in domestic achievement the record of President Johnson is far more impressive than what John Kennedy or Harry Truman managed to squeeze or coax out of Congress. If President Johnson has betrayed the promises of 1964, it is not by any dismantling of the welfare state; it is by the breach of contract which, as his enemies see it, he made with the electorate, not to preach or practise the foreign policy of Senator (and Major-General) Goldwater. It was only a few months after the election that Art Buchwald, the Mr. Dooley of modern America, reported that he had had a terrible nightmare, that "Goldwater had been elected and that we were bombing North Vietnam".

That this is the basis of the present distrust of the President is undoubted. For good or ill, inevitably or by choice, President Johnson in 1967 seems fairly remote from the candidate of 1964. The bland term "credibility gap" is now terribly inadequate to describe the distrust with which the White House is regarded. It was a tolerable joke when Robert Dell, in prewar Paris, used to an-

nounce "it must be true, the Quai d'Orsay has denied it". The public protests about the unreliability of presidential asseverations are as nothing to the anger felt by not contentedly hostile senators or irredeemably sceptical newsmen. It is, of course, not altogether a new phenomenon. As Mr. Rovere has pointed out, all presidents have to be economical of truth. The Kennedy administration admittedly "managed" the news, and did not Lincoln give a highly devious and deceiving answer to passionate liberators when he had already decided to issue the Emancipation Proclamation? It is only in the British House of Commons that a deliberate deception of the House is almost unknown and unforgivable.

Again the Texas background hoots. There were irritating confusions. Why have two Yarbroughs for instance? And much was forgiven to "the Irish Mafia", or even to the "Honoured Society" itself, that was not forgiven to what were thought to be the necessarily devious ways of Texas politics, and people talked and wrote as if "wheeling and dealing" was unknown outside Texas. But, and here our authors are very penetrating, the tolerance given to the Texas way of "cutting your ethical corners fine" in a Senator was not given to a President.

It was not only that reports of the less than polished manners of the new President circulated so fast and so far. The President could not handle big groups as well as he handled small (nor could he select the people to whom he had to apply the famous "treatment"). In the first months after his accidental access to power, President Johnson behaved like an unreformed Prince Hal. There was too much "expensive" of a bad kind. "There must be greater, and not less, exposure of Johnson to the public in carefully planned and more attractive ways than the beer-sipping, fast-driving image of the 'Easier weekend'". So Mr. Evans and Mr. Novak describe the new policy. Up to a point the new policy worked and Mr. Evans and Mr. Novak show how and to what degree it succeeded. But there

were and will be some relapses and they will be noted in an increasingly hostile Washington. Between the White House and the Capitol the gap is now more like the Grand Canyon than South Pass.

But it must be said—and should be said—that few Presidents have suffered more malignant slander than has President Johnson; few families have been victims of more spite comments than the Johnson family. The campaign of 1964 as it was run by the allies of Senator Goldwater in the South, the Middle West and in the Birch country of California was odiously malignant. And some of the stories circulating now, by word of mouth while there seemed too shocking to Suetonius or Procopius.

That the President of the United States should be so distrusted, he so savagely criticized (especially in his own party) is a serious matter for the world, for no American institution can replace the presidency to the public heart (this is more important than its power over the public mind). That the President should resent his fall from popular grace is natural; that he should refuse to blame himself, and see himself as a victim of injustice, most of it inflicted on him by people who he thinks should know better and therefore do know better, is omibitering. That the Kennedy myth is still so powerful is nearly intolerable. For as Theodore White, aptly quoted here, has written, President Johnson knows that it was the Kennedys who opened the White House to him, for he could never have made it on his own. President Johnson might well retort that it was the strength that he brought to the Democratic

ticket in 1960 that put both John Fitzgerald Kennedy and Lyndon Baines Johnson into the White House. But even in the first few months of his administration, in his home town of Austin, the drug stores had ten pictures of statues or relics of the dead President for one of the living. And Mr. Rovere has told us that the Washington merchants of political *boudoirerie* discovered that there was no market for the images of the living in a city still obsessed, at the popular level, with the dead. *Star winged mountain umbra*.

Mr. Evans and Mr. Novak are not Rhadamanthine judges weighing good and ill in divine balances. They have more sympathy and understanding than have many more officially profound analysts of the American political structure and of its head. It may be that the American constitution is obsolete, that it makes the task of government impossible in the modern world, that it has the disadvantages of monarchy without its permanence. But we have to live at a time in which the working of the American system is of importance in the whole world and the presumably almost perfect running of our matters less and less. However we may regret and resent this, we should not take refuge in our effortless superiority but try to study the rulers of our world as Polybius did. For if we are to be the Greeks to the American Romans, we had better imitate Polybius than the sophists and rhetors who found a market in Rome, but did not change the mind of Caesar.

And our Caesar (for we are an equivalent of the "allies of the Roman people"), has been trained in

the dark and bloody ground of Texas politics. *Macbird* is a vulgar tale not very literate satire, not comparable for wit or for precision to *Mrs. Wilson's Diary*. But there is the air of Dunsmuir and in the corridors of power in which the American Caesar moved and had his being before his present high eminence, something of the Roman lesser mortals—are asking: Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed?

That he is grown so great? And most answers are unfriendly. For if President Johnson's influence does no more than glance at the problems it raises, in spite of its occasionally portentous tone and the liberal sprinklings of psychological and medical terminology, the book is no more than a fairly good suspense novel with an unusual setting. When Bron is released from gaol by his elder brother, Evan, on a small farm in a bleak part of South Wales where murder for profit almost a local industry, Evan has a young wife who is ravished by Bron and one of his sons of absent-minded violence, though she minds much less than her husband who has unfortunately witnessed the climax of the novel. Evan disappears, and Bron is suspected of his murder. A series of coincidences and some false testimony build up a formidable case against Bron. Although the body of his alleged victim has not been found he is sent back inside, not on prison this time but a criminal lunatic asylum where, it seems, he must spend the rest of his life. And is predictable, vaguely and unconvincingly optimistic for Bron's future.

Fiction

OUTLAW

NORMAN LEWIS: *Every Man's Brother*. 250pp. Heinemann. 25s.

Working subterraneously through Norman Lewis's *Every Man's Brother* are the serious and related themes of crime and individual responsibility, external reality and the problems it raises. In spite of its occasionally portentous tone and the liberal sprinklings of psychological and medical terminology, the book is no more than a fairly good suspense novel with an unusual setting.

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Some of the writing is good, particularly the impressions from inside Bron's mind when the reader is drawn uneasily into a strange, disorienting yet not unreal world, but the dialogue, surprisingly from such a practised professional author, is badly off target. Here is the voice of a Welshman, a convict and a hard case talking about a prison doctor: "Not a bad sort of chap, I thought," Bron said. "More human than one usually finds them."

What! What—what?

CASEBOOK

AND DENZER: *Episode*. 313pp. Collins. 21s.

Episode is a perfunctory intractable subject for fiction. By its very nature it is itself, in a sense, a fiction—a manipulation and a re-creation of external reality, given out of control. Any exact description must usually be subjective and full of special pleading, and that is just what *Episode* is. It is, out of suspects, a thinly disguised case-study. Arnie Denzer is a nineteen-year-old New York Jewish boy who joins the Army, catches pneumonia and then suffers a schizophrenic "episode".

Concealation in a brutal Army mental ward makes him violent. Every stage of his illness and treatment, all his dreams and fantasies are described in minute detail, from the time of his breakdown to his final recovery and self-understanding under the guidance of a wise psychiatrist in a New York hospital.

The author presents a powerful but unconvincing argument for universal psychiatry as a kind of discipline, in a world where the bonds of convention and morality are less and less support and too many are on a collision course. Dr. Lawsky, defines a schizophrenic as "a man whose whole business is a kind of delirium for reality".

It is so much to create reality that he is not able to adjust to his own reality, but to adjust to the reality of others. It is all very well as an introduction to a novel, but a novel is not a theory in this way. We leave Arnie at the point where he has just become confident of his own reality, he is about to leave the mental hospital world, and the comfortable relationship with the world, armed with the knowledge of reality, we are left to find out where he is.

Mr. Glanville insinuates himself neatly into the skin of this sick, smart-alecky good-looking, and the unifying tale of his lewdness and hoozies, his soft opinions and his narrow, self-justified, calculated manner that displays the writer's brisk professional competence. Geoff and the awful world he inhabits are held up close under your

Michael Joseph

New Books for November

GENERAL

GROUCHO MARX

The Groucho Letters (30s)

Letters to and from Groucho Marx including ripostes exchanged with Fred Allen, James Thurber and S. J. Perelman among many others.

REGINALD POUND

Harley Street (36s)

Illustrated

KENNETH PEARSON and PATRICIA CONNOR

The Dorak Affair (30s)

Illustrated

JANE GRIGSON

Charcuterie and French Pork Cookery (50s)

Illustrated

TOM TULLETT

No Answer from Foxtrot Eleven (30s)

The inside story of the Braybrook Street murders of three policemen on August 12, 1966.

The Illustrated London News Year Book 1967 (30s)

THEODORE BULL (Editor)

Rhodesian Perspective (30s)

PETER HEADLEY and CYRIL AYNSLEY (Editors)

The D-Notice Affair (30s)

PELHAM BOOKS

IVOR HERBERT

The Queen Mother's Horses (30s)

The story of H.M. The Queen Mother's long interest in horses. By the author of *Archie: The Story of a Champion*. Illustrated.

JOHN F. GORDON

The Staffordshire Bull Terrier Owner's Encyclopaedia (35s)

Illustrated

W. H. LAWRIE

A Reference Book of English Trout Flies (84s)

Illustrated

TATSUO SUZUKI

Karate-Do (84s)

Over 900 illustrations

Politicians—4

VERWOERD

ALEXANDER HEPPLE: *Verwoerd*. 253pp. Penguin. 6s.

To politically liberal South Africans Dr. Verwoerd was always something of an enigma. On the one hand there was his fanatical, granite-wall adherence to apartheid principles applied, so often, with inhuman thoroughness; on the other, his personal image, the genial laddy-bear demeanour and a persuasive politeness by which overseas visitors, on their private visits to the premier's residence, Groote Schuur, would be completely captivated.

Alexander Hepple's biography certainly helps to explain the contradiction. Hendrik Fransch Verwoerd, born in Holland and brought to the Cape as an infant, grew up in the Afrikaans tradition and became completely identified with it. But one thing was missing, the bitterness of the traditional Afrikaner politician who felt himself personally involved in the tales, so often repeated, of Voortrekker hardships, Boer War concentration-camp horrors and other instances of British injustice.

The second clue to the personality of Verwoerd lies in his academic training. He was an intellectual in a sense that no previous South African premier had been. For six years he had studied psychology and philosophy at Stellenbosch University, then spent further time at three German universities before returning to Stellenbosch as Professor of Applied Psychology. Only in 1937, when he was thirty-six, did he quit the academic arena for the political one, taking up an appointment as first editor of the right-wing newspaper *Die Transvaler*.

In Verwoerd's single-mindedness, his prolixity and ruthlessness—albeit distorted—political logic there always remained a suggestion of the lecturing professor. And he developed a sophisticated double-talk all his own. "South Africans," says Mr. Hepple, "were amazed at Verwoerd's instant profession of altruism whenever he legitimized the policy of apartheid. . . . No crude words mean what he chose them to mean."

Examples of this trait could be seen in the title of bills steered through parliament by Dr. Verwoerd, the Native Abolition of Passes and Registration of Documents Act (by which the hated Pass Laws were formally abolished) and the Government of South Africa Act (which transferred the administration of the Cape, Natal and Transvaal provinces to the new South African government).

choose a government in a far-distant Bantustan.

Dr. Verwoerd's apprenticeship in party politics was as editor of *Die Transvaler* in the turbulent 1940s. These were crucial years for Afrikaner nationalism. Those Afrikaners who did not join up shared a strongly emotional anti-war bias, but they were divided into a number of factions, of which the militant pro-Nazi Ossewa Brandwag ("Ox-Wagon Sentry") was perhaps the most extreme. Verwoerd's contribution to the cause of unity was "to bring the folk back to the basic objective of the Christian-National republic, which by his incessant propaganda had become the common goal of most Afrikaners". The record of interlinking Afrikaner organizations set up at this time is complex, yet Mr. Hepple provides a clear, detailed picture of the network, showing how the gathering forces of nationalism swept the present Government party to power, in 1948, with editor Verwoerd as a king-pin in the party organization.

Dr. Malan, Smuts's successor, made Verwoerd a Senator. Two years later Verwoerd was appointed Minister of Native Affairs, a portfolio he retained until his election as Prime Minister in 1958. When he returned triumphantly from the London Commonwealth Conference of 1961 the Afrikaner ideal of a republic outside the Commonwealth had been realized. Thereafter politics became more than ever a matter of racial policy. Verwoerd's name was increasingly identified with apartheid of which he was architect-in-chief and his attitude towards disidentical opponents became more and more intolerant. "When he boasted of his readiness to consider other opinions," says Mr. Hepple, "he always made it clear that he did not include opinions which conflicted with his basic policy of separate development."

Verwoerd, Mr. Hepple concludes, was half-deceived and, more dangerously, had hypnotized not only himself, but most white South Africans too. Mr. Hepple's final estimate—"If Verwoerd's talents were great, they were put to a wretched cause"—is depressingly accurate. Even more disturbing is the gist of his last chapter, on "The Verwoerd Heritage": the lines of the apartheid policy have been so finely drawn that Verwoerd has left his successors no room at all in which to manoeuvre. "Verwoerd and his colleagues have dedicated themselves to live or die for the

SIDGWICK & JACKSON

From our Autumn List

THOMAS CROWE (Editor)

Gathering Moss

A memoir of Owen Tweedy

Foreword by

CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH

Mrs. Cecil Woodham-Smith was a remarkable man. His immense knowledge and understanding of both Arabs and Jews resulted from service in Allenby's staff, as First Officer of Palestine Government, as Principal Information Officer Middle East, and as correspondent for *The Times*, *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Financial Times*. His letters and diaries give a candid comment made at the time on events and personalities involved in Middle East politics during the long period from 1918 to 1948.

GRAHAM and ALEXANDER

The Secular Abyss

Explores every facet of the human situation and recaptures ancient beliefs with acrobatic knowledge and philosophical understanding.

JOHN MICHELL

The Flying Saucer Vision

Claims to see beyond the present chaos towards the advent of a new order from extra terrestrial contacts.

Illustrated

AKHIL HAYST

The White Frenzy

All about S.K.T. A unique book, embracing all the territories of Europe from the Mountains to the Pyrenees. The book is a rare combination of a travel book and a book with a deeper meaning and a new way of seeing the world.

Z. A. GRABOWSKI

The English Psycho-Analysed

With Preface by George Bernard Shaw. The author, a distinguished English scholar, has traced the evolution of the English mind from the days of the Victorians to the present. In this, his latest work, he has shown how the English mind has been shaped by the influence of the Victorians, the Edwardians, and the modernists. The book is a masterpiece of scholarship and insight.

CECIL ROBERTS

The Growing Boy

'Memoirs that will be the delight of future ages'
JOHN MASEFIELD

The writer of world-wide reputation looks back to his boyhood in Nottingham in the closing years of the last century. This is the first of four planned volumes of his autobiography: but it stands alone as a wonderfully frank and tender book and a brilliant re-creation of its period.

Illustrated 42s

ROBIN BRUCE LOCKHART

ace of spies

The amazing story of Sidney Reilly, the most feared spy in history, told by the man whose father tried with Reilly to overthrow the Russian Revolution.

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IAN GREY

The First Fifty Years

SOVIET RUSSIA

1917-67

The author of *Catherine the Great*, *Peter the Great* and *Ivan the Terrible* surveys the progress of the Russian Revolution, and traces the complex shifts in Soviet power and purpose. An authoritative book—with a new assessment of Stalin's achievement.

Illustrated 55s

S. J. PERELMAN

Chicken Inspector No. 23

The latest collection of New Yorker pieces from America's wittiest and best-loved humorist.

30s

HODDER & STOUGHTON

Economics

ESSAYS IN EXPANSIONISM

SIR ROY HARROD: *Towards a new Economic Policy*. 70pp. Manchester University Press. 10s. 6d.

Among the British economists of this century there have been a few giants: Marshall of course, Pigou certainly, Keynes preeminently, and others, like Joan Robinson. For some reason, among the rest, Sir Roy Harrod, though without doubt the most distinguished economist writing at Oxford since Edgeworth, has never seemed to be as famous as the other four. He has written much, done a great deal, but his reputation has never quite matched his achievement. This is desperately unfair, because his work has been of a kind that entitles him to a major status as an originator of ideas and an acute analyst of the economic scene. Never, for him, the conventional wisdom—which is why, perhaps, more conventional minds have been listened to when they were patently meaning robbis over the other, as the iceberg loomed up ahead of them.

Like Professor Joan Robinson's *Economics in an Awkward Corner*, Sir Roy's new book begins with a general view of the nature of economics. He ascribes far more importance to Alfred Marshall's definition of the subject than that which has been fashionable in some circles since Robbins published his *Essay on the Nature and Significance of Economic Science* nearly forty years ago. Keynes argued in his memoir of Marshall that the complexity of economic affairs requires a very special kind of trained intelligence. As Sir Roy himself says, "It may be that the good economist distinguishes himself from the less good economist more by his choice of relevant assumptions than by his chain of reasoning from the assumptions".

It may well be that the brevity of the economics training in the P.P.E. degree at Oxford has led a number of people who call themselves economists, particularly those writing in the business sections of the heavier newspapers, to believe that economics is a science capable of giving results with more precision than it in fact can. Certainly, had they thoroughly understood what Sir Roy had to tell them their views might not be so cocksure: Sir Roy, characteristically, is far more tentative, and far more eloquent for that reason. His argument is that, as demand expands, prices tend to fall rather than rise, except in the unusual case of excess demand; and the converse of this is that when demand falls prices rise, mainly because decreasing costs are more prevalent to the short period than increasing costs. (This, of course, is what has happened since Sir Roy delivered the lectures, in the case of electricity.)

He also argues that the higher the level of demand, the more rapid technical progress is likely to be, and he assigns this technical progress chiefly to the availability of trained skills. He writes:

If one was under the necessity of singling out one particular element contributing to technical progress, I would much rather choose the number of trained engineers. I believe that the frequent neglect of capital for separate treatment as a factor of increase is a hangover from classroom con-

ference in expanding, say, the Pareto optimum in static theory.

It follows, therefore, that the short-term economic strategy which has prevailed over the past three years and more, and especially over the past year, is mistaken. Sir Roy argues that the continuous dampening down of demand has diminished the tendency to introduce cost-reducing innovations, and in particular he is doubly suspicious of the tendency to base most of the programmes for improving our economic performance upon an increase in the capital stock. He takes the view that the quality rather than the quantity of investment is much more relevant, and that the continuous tendency to deflation which modern economic policy has imposed upon the country causes a wage and price inflation and misdirection of investment.

Much of this coincides (roughly) with the views held by those who advised Mr. Maudling and who thought they were going to advise the Labour Government in its early days of office; but, as Sir Roy points out, the real reason for the abandonment of any policy of strength through expansion is the problem of the balance of payments, on which the consensus was less strong. He attributes the greater part of the British problem not to the failure of exports, which he points out have increased from 10 per cent of the national income in 1938 to nearly 17 per cent in 1965, but to the fact that imports have remained a constant percentage of nearly 18 per cent, and this consistency of the imports percentage of the national income has masked a dramatic switch from food (which previously formed nearly half the total of imports but now accounts for less than one-third) to manufactures (which have risen from a quarter, to two-fifths of the total). Sir Roy has always been an advocate of import controls, which he would have relaxed gradually after 1955 when convertibility was restored de facto, until the economy was sufficiently strong to stand free trade.

It will be recalled that Professor Robinson attributed many, if not all, of our troubles to a similar analysis, but she included in her analysis the great rise in British Government expenditure (a rise which, of course, occurred because the British now have to pay for the foreign policy that was formerly sustained by the Indian Army), and she also attributes great importance to capital movements, both short and long term. Sir Roy takes the view that the United Kingdom has consistently exaggerated the significance of its deficits in the balance of payments, because it has been over-alarmed about running out of credit. He says:

My main theme now is that the "powers that be" are far too narrowly in their outlook, in relation to the desirability of a quick adjustment, when a deficit occurs. The deficits here shown, which have given rise to so much international discussion and pressure upon this country, do not seem very formidable. An average deficit of 3 per cent, running for 5 years, is something that clearly calls for adjustment sooner or later. We have promised to get our balance straight in 1967 and will doubtless do so. Yet the hurry seems rather

out of proportion, especially if it causes us serious inconveniences and hardship for many individuals.

This is an important point and one which has been far too little emphasized: so has Sir Roy's point that our deficits, together with those of the United States, form the basis of much international liquidity. He discusses the international liquidity system with insight and lucidity, and is suspicious of most of the plans for settling international financial problems along the lines recently discussed and partly adopted by the Group of Ten.

He takes a cautious view of the prospects of a fundamental revision of the international banking system on an expansionist basis, and it is in this context that he discusses British economic policy. Here he favours import controls and a substantial expansion of demand, and in order to restrain price increases he favours an attempt to strengthen the incomes policy. He is more optimistic about an incomes policy than many economists. He suggests that the incomes policy should be at the very centre of the picture. He does not believe, with the sceptics, that after the freeze period is over there will be helterskelter increases in wages, everyone succeeding in regaining the ground lost during the freeze. He writes:

After all the discussions and negotiations and explanations and deeper understanding of the needs of the economy that have been part and parcel of the present experiment, I do not believe that things will ever be quite the same again. We may well be in the process of opening a new chapter of history.

If all this fails, Sir Roy favours devaluation, or at least an adjustable foreign exchange rate, as he more moderately puts it.

He shares with some other economists a deep suspicion that the possibility of joining the Common Market will make things worse rather than better. Thus:

There is the danger that unless a very radical reconstruction of the Treaty of Rome can be arranged in our favour, we might by joining the Common Market find that we have bound ourselves in perpetuity to adhering to the kinds of policies that have been hampering our development so much in recent years. Adherence to the Treaty of Rome would impose a heavy burden on our balance of payments. Although there is every prospect of getting our balance straight next year under the influence of deflation, we have not yet the sure prospect of keeping it straight in combination with a full growth policy, except by adopting some new measure. There is little belief in the Common Market countries in our incomes policy, and unless with the Common Market, if free migration were allowed, might even cause it to break down, as it did in the case of Holland some years ago. Although certain merchant bankers and business men here seem to see advantage in joining, I believe that economists, on the whole, are sceptical of this and much doubt if the alleged advantages of large scale production would offset the loss on our balance of payments.

It will thus be seen that Sir Roy is an expansionist, though of a subtle kind, and these lectures are of great importance for an understanding of the difficulties in which the country now finds itself.

Ellen Buxton's Journal 1860-1864

Delicious Victorian family diary and sketches. Ellen R. C. Creighton has edited her grand-mother's journal, 1860-1864, has now made these earlier ones begun when grand-mamma was only 12.

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A natural story-teller, Gordon Hunt tells of his years in Burma. "Fascinating, gripping, exciting—I could not put it down"—*Brigitte* Sir John Smyth, V.C.

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BETTY SINGLETON

Story set in a primitive island world in which religion, overlaid thickly with superstition, drives the inhabitants to violent ends. Tension brilliantly sustained to the end.

To the Office and Back

MORE PEOPLE IN CARTOONS BY GRAHAM OF PUNCH

Cartoons, by the best-known humorist of our times, depicting human situations in daily life, which, back of Graham's wit, might never have been seen as funny.

An Alphabet of Ancient Greece

Book One: Early Days



'Ancient Greece' follows the same pattern as the earlier book 'Ancient Egypt'. It begins in the mysterious island of Crete and ends with the Greek victory over the Persians at Salamis. Coloured illustrations throughout.

A Fall of Rock

K R BUTLER

Deep in the Rhodesian bush a man has died as a result of a rock fall. It was so accidental.

Lowker in Tirol

GLYN CARR

Sir Abercrombie feels his age, his mountains and a wistful echo of him and nimbly he gets his man.

Death Enters the Lists

OSMINGTON MILLS

Murders on a new housing estate: the old, the new, the inhabitants die. Ingenious and chilling.

BLES

MUFFLED MAJESTY

By Dan Jacobson

DO NOT SAY IT, SHOW IT! During my last spell as a teacher in the United States I heard many students of literature and creative writing "intending" to do as if it were the beginning and end of critical wisdom. However, in reading fiction the meaning they were to find was a rather special one. As sales and aspirant writers they generally found it difficult to believe that the novelist could now successfully "show" anything if his novel did not make its obeisances to some or all of a set of rather familiar, over-used critical demands and formulations. For example... Cynicism, point of view, Unity of action, the use of a determining central intelligence, or group of intelligences. The mediation of all action through one character or another, the scenic or dramatic rendering of effects ("Dramatize, dramatize," "Henry James"). Recurring symbolism. Aesthetic autonomy, impersonality. ("The artist, like the god of creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his work, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails—James Joyce.) What such students persistently move towards is a condition in which everything, when any particular novel should be "organic," as possible in appearance, complete, self-generating, self-sufficient. It follows that what we ordinarily think of as narrative, the voice of the story-teller, the presence within the novel of an omniscient knower whose task it is to tell us what he knows, has come to be regarded as inherently un-aesthetic and inartistic. It is precisely the creation of such a presence in writers as to avoid; and that readers are to regard as a way of "showing" merely, and hence as a kind of failure, when they encounter

to be the two artists most responsible, if any individuals are, for the state the novel is in today: for some of its current confusions, sterilities, and self-contradictions. By now one doesn't need to have studied their works to have come under their influence. It has spread so widely, and through so many indirect channels. Their aims and ambitions as writers were obviously immensely dissimilar. They makes it all the more remarkable that they should have moved steadily, in precept and practice, towards novels which in an essential respect have so much in common.

The one innovation in technique which everyone associates with the name of James Joyce is, of course, "the stream of consciousness" (a phrase he did not himself invent and should not be held accountable for). "I try to give the unspoken, unthought thoughts of people in the way they occur," said Joyce, in explaining the technique. But it has been pointed out before now that it is impossible to give in words the unspoken, unthought thoughts of people in the way they occur, if only because so many of our "thoughts" are simply not verbal. What Joyce did, in effect, was to try to find a verbal equivalent for the processes of consciousness, a translation of them: a new convention, in short, through which he could represent them.

But the influence of the stream of consciousness is something much more important and pervasive than those solemn paragraphs composed of fragmentary sentences which we find in so many novels of the 1930s, and in fewer thereafter. The stream of consciousness, by its nature, contributed greatly to the development in modern fiction whereby all actions, all facts, the world itself, are permitted to exist in a novel only so far as they exist within the mind of a given protagonist, and never as an independent, artistically created reality beyond him. In Joyce's own career

the development reached its fullest expression in *Ulysses*, which can be described as the novel of a determining central un-consciousness in which nothing takes place outside that un-consciousness, and which ends as it begins, in a kind of self-enclosed, self-referring circle.

The nature of Henry James's relation to this development can be suggested by quoting just one passage from his Preface to *The Golden Bowl*. My instinct appears repeatedly to have been that to arrive at the facts related and the figures introduced by the given help of some other conscious and confessed agent is essentially to find the whole business—that is, as I say, its effective interest—enriched. Anything, in short, I now reflect, must always have seemed to me better—better for the present and effect of representation, my irrepressible ideal—than the mere muffled majesty of irresponsible "authorship."

Thus, asserting the desirability of the author always having his "agent" of consciousness within the novel, James dismisses his direct narrative participation in it as "muffled" and "irresponsible". There is no reason for us to dispute the account that James gives of one of the most fundamental tendencies of his entire oeuvre: we can, by and large, take his word for what he was about. But even in his later phase James was not able to carry out his programme to the letter: the commentator and narrator never entirely disappear from his work. Again, if we read *Ulysses* with an open mind, we can see that Joyce was far from being able to achieve the state of pure, self-supporting, aesthetic stasis that his theories might seem to demand.

My own belief is that the novel cannot survive without what James calls "authorship". Pace James, the history of the novel from Jane Austen to D. H. Lawrence, or from Pushkin to Pasternak, shows that "authorship", the narrative presence, can be as dramatic, as self-justifying in aesthetic or moral terms, as capable of achieving the kind of impersonality which matters most, as any other of the necessary modes of fiction.

By contrast, our compulsion to have all fact and action in the novel "modulated" through character has lumbered us with a set of conventions that seem to have utterly exhausted their utility and expressiveness. So far from aiding the process and effect of representation, these conventions now seem to come clumsily and obtrusively between ourselves and what is represented: they limit severely the nature of what it is possible to represent. From Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* to Saul Bellow's *Henderson* we have a large number of novels by serious and gifted writers, which testify to the intensity of the embarrassment that is felt at the mere prospect of "authorship". Flashes which don't "flash" at all, but instead plod inexorably and implausibly in and out of the action (for it is always the character in mid-stream who has to remember, and never the author who can straightforwardly narrate, what has happened in the past): a work-up of zaniness of tone that can be presented without the author having to do anything much to justify it: a heavy reliance on feats of ventriloquism of one kind or another—these are just a few of the consequences of the onrattive modes in which too many novels today are caught fast. They are a high price to pay for an apparent gain in technical consistency, or for obeying what appears to be the logic of formal development.

I am not suggesting that, having been misled by two great novelists, Joyce and James, their successors have persisted in error out of perversity, or idleness, or lack of competence; and that all they need to do is to go back to the ways of their great-grandfathers and all will be well. It's true that we shouldn't underestimate the influence of mere fashion: particularly at a time when eminent critics, professors, editors, and writers display an extraordinary, stark terror at the thought of being left behind by the slightest shift in intellectual and literary vogue. But it is obvious that the development that I have sketched out is evidence of changes in society and sensibility of a major order.

What appears to have afflicted the novel is some kind of epistemological crisis. Who knows what? Who is entitled to know what? How can it be known? How does the act of cognition affect what is known? It is as if the novelist has been overwhelmed by questions of this kind, and has attempted to answer them by adopting a form of extreme subjectivism. The belief that it is possible to give a picture of a real, externally existing world has been abandoned; and instead the novelist contents himself with reproducing all he can be certain of: the interior of a mind.

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History

VOTES FOR VICTORIANS

J. R. VINCENT: *Pollbooks: How Victorians Voted*. 194pp. Cambridge University Press. £2 15s.ROBERT ROBSON (Editor): *Ideas and Institutions of Victorian Britain*. Essays in honour of George Kitson Clark. 343pp. Bell. £3 3s.

Palmerston, in a characteristic lightly-pondered quip, once expressed the hope that English politics would never become entangled in the affairs of journeymen makers. Mr. J. R. Vincent, who has already made a distinguished contribution to our understanding of Victorian politics in his study of the formation of the Liberal Party, carries us now into the company of what Palmerston, and indeed all the Victorian bourgeoisie would have called, with a curl of the lip, "tradespeople". Browning in his poem "Shop", drew a picture for us of these outcasts enjoying a broader life than their customers supposed, and introduced us to a poetic baker, a painting butcher and a churning candle-stick maker.

Mr. John Vincent, like Browning, rescues tradesmen from the drudgery of counter and till and shows them holding the political fortunes of the nation in their hands. Some of his discoveries are fascinating. Butchers were Tory and grocers, rather unexpectedly, were consistently Liberal or Whig. But how far it is possible to square these generalizations with Mr. Vincent's opinion that the votes of such people were swayed by the social status of their customers is difficult to decide. Are we to believe that Liberals did not love a lamb chop or that Tories never showed a taste for Demerara sugar?

Again, rather unexpectedly, barge-masters were Liberal while barges (boats and all) were Tory. Clergymen of the Church of England were—as was only to be expected—monotonously Tory. At the 1841 election for East Norfolk, 191 of the clergy abstained—presumably they were pluralists or gout-afflicted Tories living at Bath—183 voted Tory and only a beggarly thirteen voted Liberal. Let us honour the three ministers (though no distinction in this case is possible between Anglican and nonconformist) who voted at Halifax for the Chartists Jones—

"mein lieber Jones" of Marx's letters. Organists followed the lead of their vicars and rectors and were monotonously Tory, though it is agreeable to notice that in Leicester and Ipswich they "struck one chord of music" for the Liberal Party. The Wesleyans, both ministers and flock, were always consistently Liberal and only in Aylesbury and the small Yorkshire village of Dent did they vote in a minority for that party.

All this information and much which is of greater weight has been extracted by Mr. Vincent from the surviving poll-books which were in use during public voting at the hustings and came to an end with the introduction of the secret ballot in 1872. The evidence can of course only be partial because many of these books have been lost or destroyed and the methods of recording the occupations of voters differ from constituency to constituency. (The Houses of Parliament Trust, with commendable foresight, recorded the existence of some 1,700 of these poll-books about fifteen years ago.) As in his previous book, Mr. Vincent gives his readers confidence because he never thrusts his beliefs or conclusions down their throats; he is always warning us of the incompleteness of his material and he does not trim or stretch his data to fit a particular theory. He would probably be the first to recognize that a closer knowledge of local conditions and of the actual contest and especially information about the candidates might modify even further some of his conclusions.

For example, poll-books exist for Beverley from 1830 to 1859 with one or two gaps. In the 1830 election there were two Whig candidates—Henry Burton, who is not identified by Mr. Vincent but was related to a former member for the borough who was a renowned serving officer, and Daniel Sykes, who is described by Mr. Vincent as an "Iran-merchant" though his academic career, legal ex-

perience and territorial connexions were perhaps more in point. There was only one Tory candidate, Capel Cure, the High Sheriff for Essex. In the result Burton received 1,000 votes, Sykes 700 and Capel Cure 600. Now, however much we consort with Mr. Vincent's cornraters, watermen, sextons and gaiters we find no answer to the question why the two Whig votes were not—as was usual—virtually equal. From other sources we learn that half Burton's vote came from electors who voted for him and the Tory. Those 500 voters defy classification. Mr. Vincent makes it plain that corruption can confound all his conclusions and Beverly was perhaps the most rural constituency in the kingdom. Was it not described in a graceful aside by its most eminent candidate, Trollope, as "indulging in time-honoured practices"? Possibly historians sometimes forget that the result of an election is of greater moment than the deliberations which precede it and the chatter of explanation which too often follows it. In one of the fiercely contested elections for Westmorland Brougham treated the crowd, when the result was announced, to an elaborate explanation of it. Colonel Lowther, the victorious Tory, followed and uttered a single sentence "I point, gentlemen, to the poll".

Mr. Vincent's pioneer work among the poll-books is given its background in a collection of stimulating essays in honour of Mr. Kitson Clark, whose work in Victorian politics has been influential in Cambridge (as these essays by his admirers prove) and widely acclaimed outside. The editor, Mr. Robert Robson, gives a delightful concluding chapter on Trinity College and its emergence into pre-eminence in the age of Peel. Doing honour to Mr. Kitson Clark (a distinguished north-countryman) he properly reminds us how much the college owes to the Lancastrian Whewell, the Yorkshireman Sedgwick and the Lake District Wordsworth—men who brought some rigour and dash

into a rather languid southern common-room.

Perhaps the most difficult of the essays—though not the least revealing, because it is full of good things—is by Mr. D. C. Moore of the University of California. His chapter is concerned largely with the poll-books and may here and there remind the reader of N. S. P. Morgan's famous account of the Cecil family political influence—"explanation has lagged behind analysis". Like many observers from beyond the Atlantic Mr. Moore is puzzled by the lack of system in England. Can we really believe, as he tells us, that the "primary concern" of Lord John Russell and those framing the Reform Bill of 1832 was "to perpetuate the political pre-eminence of the landed interest and the hierarchical structure of English society"? Lord John always maintained that counties, boroughs and cities should be kept distinct, and it is believed that he favoured this for exactly the opposite reason to that advanced by Mr. Moore—namely that diversities of electing bodies should produce a diverse House of Commons. Nor would the opponents of the Bill at the time have agreed with Mr. Moore. Did not one of them say "You are giving to the coalfield what you take from the barley-field"? There is surely here a distinction between motive and consequence. The consequence of the 1832 Bill may have been what Mr. Moore suggests, but the motive of the framers of the Bill was different. These are Mr. John's own words introducing the Bill: "You must show that you are determined not to be the representatives of a class or of a particular interest; but from a body who representing the people, springing from the people and sympathizing with the people can call on the people to support the liberties of the country and to stand with the future difficulties which have to encounter."

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Literary Criticism

ROMANTICISMS

J. R. FLETCHER (Editor): *Romantic Mythologies*. 297pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2 10s.ANTHONY THORNTON: *The Romantic Movement*. 176pp. Longmans. (Paperback, 12s. 6d.)

A. I. L. Buss leads off *Romantic Mythologies* with ninety-five pages on "The Image of the Androgyne in the Nineteenth Century". The Nineteenth Century means the nineteenth century in France and Germany, and may here and there remind the reader of N. S. P. Morgan's famous account of the Cecil family political influence—"explanation has lagged behind analysis". Like many observers from beyond the Atlantic Mr. Moore is puzzled by the lack of system in England. Can we really believe, as he tells us, that the "primary concern" of Lord John Russell and those framing the Reform Bill of 1832 was "to perpetuate the political pre-eminence of the landed interest and the hierarchical structure of English society"? Lord John always maintained that counties, boroughs and cities should be kept distinct, and it is believed that he favoured this for exactly the opposite reason to that advanced by Mr. Moore—namely that diversities of electing bodies should produce a diverse House of Commons. Nor would the opponents of the Bill at the time have agreed with Mr. Moore. Did not one of them say "You are giving to the coalfield what you take from the barley-field"? There is surely here a distinction between motive and consequence. The consequence of the 1832 Bill may have been what Mr. Moore suggests, but the motive of the framers of the Bill was different. These are Mr. John's own words introducing the Bill: "You must show that you are determined not to be the representatives of a class or of a particular interest; but from a body who representing the people, springing from the people and sympathizing with the people can call on the people to support the liberties of the country and to stand with the future difficulties which have to encounter."

record ("they seem to have spent half their time dressing-up, like some of the early inhabitants of Welwyn Garden City") and his essay is one of the few in this book that tells us anything much about the relationship between art and life. Of the rest, perhaps the most interesting for the non-professional is Mr. W. J. Luce's exploration of how Mr. E. M. Forster built *A Room With a View* around a secularized, if still rather humanistically solemn, version of the Parsifal myth. Dr. Fletcher really ought to have got someone to tie up his book a bit better for the ordinary myth-wary twentieth-century reader, but there are some good things in it.

Professor A. K. Thornt's *The Romantic Movement* is dedicated to Professor Erich Heller, and shows a good deal of that remarkable thinker's grasp of the subject. Strictly speaking a history book, it explores Romanticism from every angle by means of intelligently chosen extracts from (for the most part) modern theorists, linked together by an exceedingly intelligent commentary. There is also a section of quotations from the Romantic "period" itself. Not everyone will be as sure as Professor Thornt seems to be that Romanticism can yet be bracketed off as a completed episode (Professor Heller himself has shown how heavily the whole thing still bears on us), but this book gives a more balanced and less parochial introduction to its world-historical early years than the student will be likely to find elsewhere.

SPECULATIONS

R. HODGES: *The Dual Heritage of Joseph Conrad*. 229pp. The Hague: Mouton. 27 guilders.J. GUETT: *The Limits of Metaphor*. A Study of Melville, Conrad, and Faulkner. 196pp. Cornell University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £2 12s.

The dual heritage of Mr. Hodges's book is the conflict within Conrad between the claims of his volatile and revolutionary father and those of the more conservative uncle who brought him up after his father's death. Mr. Hodges's thesis is that the two heritages were generated from the conflict, to which he assimilates Conrad's choice of the profession of writer and his supposed guilt about Poland. Later, he says, Conrad decided a spontaneous reconciliation between the contradictory impulses, the tension went out of his writing, and the change is dated from around 1900. It is a conclusion which is certainly baffling more than enlightening. The chronology seems totally impossible, since it would suggest that Conrad was offered the Chair of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow in succession to Adam Smith, some years before he was born. But the book is a good read, and Mr. Hodges will enjoy and profit by his writing and frequently entertaining work.

Miss Horn has done a good job of editing and excision. The result is a book of Scottish rural and, to some extent, urban life which supplements what we get from John Galt and the First Statistical Account. She is perhaps a little unkind to her English readers. They will not know what "the Burgh Church" is; they may not even know what is the General Assembly, and still less the "Heritors". They may not necessarily know what "outly" means; they will not realize that a "cull" is the ancestor of the "cull" in "cull" and "cull" in "cull".

There are perceptible observations in the book (the description of the effect of varying linguistic modes in *Moby-Dick* is an example) and one can imagine Mr. Guett's feeling that it would be fascinating to follow a one-sided speculation past the point at which other arguments would normally blunt its point. But his deliberate refusal to argue with other critics leaves us with a thesis which claims to be definitive.

One characteristic of this sort of criticism is that we are bound to object to it at a much lower level of sophistication than that set by the writer. It may seem dull and plodding to insist here, amid the coruscations of philosophical-linguistic brilliance, that novels are about human feelings. Of course, they are, and they are not merely progress reports on the state of metaphor. Mr. Guett's assertion that "It is perhaps the ultimate capacity of language and the final act of a narrator to define language itself as the focal subject of language and to perceive that this is in fact the ultimate act of a narrator" is a gratuitous act of self-incarceration in a hall of mirrors and one which can only be performed by some slippery dealing with words like "final" and "narrator" and "ultimate".

HOW MANY LEARS?

PAUL A. JORGENSEN: *Lear's Self-Discovery*. 154pp. University of California Press. London: Cambridge University Press. 36s.WILLIAM R. ELTON: *King Lear and the Gods*. 369pp. San Marino: Huntington Library. \$8.50.

These two Californian studies of *King Lear* have one thing in common. Each takes a sharp look at a prevalent critical cliché, and in doing so adds something to our reading of the play. The cliché is in both cases concerned with the play's philosophical bearings, and both books are therefore vulnerable to the charge that they treat *King Lear* as a treatise. It is true that neither is exceptionally sensitive to its poetic or even dramatic values. But *King Lear*, of all Shakespeare's plays, comes closest to the genre of wisdom literature, and asks (or seems to ask) to be read for its wisdom rather than as literature. There is at any rate quite enough in the play to make the reader grateful for such professional guidance and exact information as is offered in these two learned works. Beyond this point there is little similarity between them and no overlap in the ground they cover.

Professor Jorgensen's lucid and sensible study focuses attention on the commonplace that *King Lear* is about the acquisition of self-knowledge. As he points out, it is surprising that this large and important subject has received so little thorough examination and definition. His work, though sketchy in places, has the freshness of a pilot study. He makes his approach through Renaissance ethical treatises (it is instructive that there was a small but substantial body of work on self-knowledge) and through more general discussions of the topic; and he notes "the immense importance of the Renaissance student of self-knowledge put on the passions, and particularly the body, with its necessities and frailties, and on the need for recognizing a new status as man rather than king or other proud creature". The relevance of this to Lear's preoccupations is clear—on which Mr. Jorgensen has some good comments. To Shakespeare, as to many other Renaissance writers, "self-knowledge" entailed not a mere vague *mea culpa*, but a vivid sense of the physical realities—often terrible—common to all mankind. Mr. Jorgensen goes on to show that the more modern-sounding notion of self-knowledge as a quest for identity was also important to Shakespeare. In one of the best chapters of the book he describes the emergence of the Shakespearean "hero as thinker", the self-conscious man, from Titus Andronicus to Lear himself. The subject is too large to be treated adequately in a single chapter, but there is some acute character criticism here: "No earlier character is so professionally a thinker as Brutus"; "The particular ordeal for Othello is that he cannot stand indecision; and indecision, at least in drama of moral choice, is the very essence of real thought."

Professor Elton's book is a work of formidable erudition. It is not easy to read and is hardly a book for the general reader, although his findings ought to be widely known. His aim is "not to determine whether [*King Lear*] contains Christian references; rather, it is mainly to examine the validity of the currently widespread view that *Lear* is an optimistic Christian drama". This he does by scrutinizing, closely and systematically, the philosophical and religious milieu of the play. He suggests that the age in which *King Lear* was written was far more sceptical than is sometimes imagined, and that doubts in the reality of a benign providence were not infrequently voiced; that Shakespeare's play presents a pagan world whose characters would have been recognizable to the audience as firmly placed within the pagan experience (e.g., Cordelia's and Edgarr's *prisca theologia*, Goneril's, Regan's and Edmund's forms of atheism, and Gloucester's superstition); and that it is truer to speak of Lear's progress from belief to unbelief than his "redemption". This bare outline hardly indicates the wealth of material assembled in the book.

Mr. Elton probably over-simplifies the "neo-Christian" view of *King Lear*, which is in any case now less prevalent (at least in England) than it once was. But the book certainly fulfils its controversial purpose. Mr. Elton conveys a real sense of the complexities of the play's philosophical milieu, such as makes many respected critical accounts look decidedly inadequate. He is particularly illuminating on Elizabethan and Jacobean attitudes to pagan beliefs, and succeeds in showing many of the characters of *King Lear* in a new and more revealing light. It must be admitted that the unity of his argument is not always apparent, so wide is his reading, so dense and capacious his quotation—many of the book's pages are tissues of quotation and commentary illustrating this or that phrase in the text of the play. Yet it is perhaps from these almost self-contained sections that the reader derives most pleasure and insight. Such sections as those on "ripeness is all" and "take upon the mystery of things" are valuable compendia of background material which should be consulted by any serious student of *King Lear*.

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THE SCOTTISH ENLIGHTENMENT

Edinburgh in the Age of Reason. 67pp. Edinburgh University Press. 10s. 6d.

BARBARA L. H. HORN (Editor): *Letters of John Ramsay of Ochtertyre 1799-1812*. 346pp. Edinburgh: T. and A. Constable for Scottish Historical Society. Annual subscription £2 2s.

These two books are excellently complementary. *Edinburgh in the Age of Reason* is based on broadcasts to celebrate the bicentenary of the New Town of Edinburgh; it is published secondarily as an "acknowledgment of the second International Congress on the Enlightenment held at St. Andrew's University" in August 1967.

The New Town of Edinburgh was in many ways the most interesting and important of the great achievements of city planning of the eighteenth century. It has a marvellous site, its elegance is set off by the more romantic charm of the Old Town. It was really, if not formally, as much a capital as Karlsruhe, Nancy, Dublin were, if not quite as much so as Turin. It was more a centre of the Enlightenment than any of these other cities. These lectures are well proportioned and candid. Lord Cameron regrets the modern intrusion of English law into the superior system of Scots law. Dr. G. E. Davie carries on his campaign against the corruption of the Scottish university system. Professor A. J. Youngson admits that the New Town has suffered a great deal from modern bad taste but gives us hope that in Edinburgh the worst is over, while it is only beginning in Dublin.

Only one talk seems out of place: Sydney Smith was not an Edinburgh man; he was not a Scot; he was not a student of the University of Edinburgh as Brougham was. Surely the appropriate "embodiment of the Spirit of Criticism" is Francis Jeffrey? The *Edinburgh Review* owes far more to Jeffrey than to Sydney Smith and it was as great an organ of the Enlightenment as *Mine de Stael* (or, as some think, her son) asserted. But all in all, this is a

most timely and admirable production. Compared with the great figures of Edinburgh or, more accurately speaking, the Scottish Enlightenment, John Ramsay of Ochtertyre is a minor figure, but he is in many ways a representative figure. He was a Whig but he recognized the Jacobite peerage. He speaks highly of the discipline of what he tactfully calls the "Highland army" in the Forty-Five. He sympathizes with gentlemen who were "out" and suffered for it. He was not representative of the Enlightenment to every way, since he disliked the tepid preaching as represented by people like "Jupiter" Carlyle and other moderns. Hence his interest in such idiosyncratic "societies" as the Haldanes.

Ochtertyre was a Scottish patriot. He always called his friends by their territorial titles, as we may be sure he wished to be called himself. So we have Ardrossan, Lochaber, Gartnacraig and the rest. Today, Ochtertyre would surely call the Labour member for West Lothian by his territorial title, "The Binn".

But although a good Whig and a good Scottish patriot, lamenting the belated triumph of the *Malleus Scottorum* in the success of Angliomania, he had a more than sneaking admiration for Bonaparte whom he, in one poor opinion of the volunteers who so excited Walter Scott's enthusiasm, but he had also a poor opinion of the Bonaparte whom Scott collected, thinking him vastly inferior to Ossian whom he admitted as much as did Mr. David Lums and Dr. Adam Smith. Almost the only English institution he seems to have any interest in is the Westminster School, which he but one can hardly think he wished

to replace the traditional invective by this South British instrument? Living near Stirling, Ochtertyre was not very far from Edinburgh which he frequently visited, to consult the great Dr. Gregory. He was not very far from Glasgow either, but as he kindly remarks, "Glasgow was not in those days the seat of elegance or delicacy". It is not clear that he thought Glasgow had changed by 1811.

Miss Horn has done a good job of editing and excision. The result is a book of Scottish rural and, to some extent, urban life which supplements what we get from John Galt and the First Statistical Account. She is perhaps a little unkind to her English readers. They will not know what "the Burgh Church" is; they may not even know what is the General Assembly, and still less the "Heritors". They may not necessarily know what "outly" means; they will not realize that a "cull" is the ancestor of the "cull" in "cull" and "cull" in "cull".

There are perceptible observations in the book (the description of the effect of varying linguistic modes in *Moby-Dick* is an example) and one can imagine Mr. Guett's feeling that it would be fascinating to follow a one-sided speculation past the point at which other arguments would normally blunt its point. But his deliberate refusal to argue with other critics leaves us with a thesis which claims to be definitive.

One characteristic of this sort of criticism is that we are bound to object to it at a much lower level of sophistication than that set by the writer. It may seem dull and plodding to insist here, amid the coruscations of philosophical-linguistic brilliance, that novels are about human feelings. Of course, they are, and they are not merely progress reports on the state of metaphor. Mr. Guett's assertion that "It is perhaps the ultimate capacity of language and the final act of a narrator to define language itself as the focal subject of language and to perceive that this is in fact the ultimate act of a narrator" is a gratuitous act of self-incarceration in a hall of mirrors and one which can only be performed by some slippery dealing with words like "final" and "narrator" and "ultimate".

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A SOCIOLOGY OF PLATO

ALVIN Gouldner proposes in *Enter Plato* to create a "new intellectual genre"—a sociology of social science. Ultimately, the objective is "an empirically testable social theory about social theories" which will reveal their social function and the relation of the theories they create to the problems of the societies in which they work. Meanwhile, in this first case-study of a social theorist, he proceeds from the undefended assumption that every social theory can be understood as an "analysis", explicit or implicit, of "the cause and possible cures of the ills of the society to which the theorist has been subjected".

His book is divided into two nearly equal parts. In the first he gives his own diagnosis of the ills Plato was subjected to, by applying "such perspectives as are common to sociologists" to the social structure and culture of ancient Greece, in particular to Athens: here he finds a number of "contradictions" and problems besetting interpersonal and interstate relationships, the ultimate origin of which he traces to the nature of the class hierarchy and the institution of slavery. He then, in the second part, examines Plato's social theory and reaches the conclusion that "in some respects it constitutes a complex intellectual response to the crisis of the Hellenic system of social stratification, in general, and to slavery in particular".

This crisis provides "the political dilemmas and social tensions" which the theory's diagnosis and therapy are designed to deal with and also the source of the rationalist, authoritarian, static outlook of that theory, with its conception of satisfactorily organized human individuals and groups as hierarchical wholes in which the order vital for the good of the whole must be imposed upon the essentially disorderly lower strata by the rational elements above. Thus: There is in Plato's work a double legitimization of slavery which will later be elaborated systematically by Aristotle: first, slavery is suggested to be legitimate because the slave is diminished in the highest human quality, reason. Second, slavery is held legitimate because it is ordained and natural, being an expression within the society of the hierarchical relationships said to be characteristic of the universe as a whole. Plato's metaphysics is, in part, a projection of the slave relationship and of experience within it on to the universe as a whole. Once projected there, it may then be brought to earth where it serves in effect to legitimate slavery itself.

When projected it becomes a model, a single optimum solution to the problems of social disunity and disorder, a timeless ideal pattern of the form society ought to take. Plato's social theory is "utopian"—it concentrates almost exclusively on ends while at the same time taking an extremely pessimistic view of the human materials that are to be shaped according to them—because the Platonic theory of forms "incites a radical criticism of society which at the same time, it assumes to be unchangeable: in essentials". Plato's working from "the assumption that every problem has only one best solution" is due to his "longest toward, the universally valid"; his viewpoint is "inhibitive of the development of an empirical science of man in which issues are at length tested by some form of observation" because he "concerns himself with social systems on the highest level of analysis" and deals only with the "historically invariant and universal sources" of social disorder.

Mr. Gouldner falls here to distinguish propositions which purport to be universally true of all men or all societies from "ones" dealing with social phenomena in very general or abstract terms. Empirical testability is another matter again, and a more important one, not least for Mr. Gouldner's own thesis. (Plato had a substitute argument, though neither the fact nor the reasons for it are noted: in Mr. Gouldner's book, where scant recognition is paid to Plato's commitment to specifically philosophical inquiries.) Nowhere does Mr. Gouldner give a clear statement of what sort of relationship he assumes to hold between the situation that "shapes" and the theorist

who "responds" (to be told that it is not in every respect a causal relationship is to be told nothing). What is perhaps most surprising, coming from an empirical scientist, is that a writer so ready to generalize should be so sparing with references by which we might test his Olympian verdicts on Plato's social writings. He does not even acknowledge that the problems and concerns of the *Republic* are rather different from those of the *Laws*—for Mr. Gouldner, it would seem, every solution has but one problem, slavery and its attendant ills, and the chief lesson of his proleptic discourse is the terrible warning of the "utter bondage to their culture" which led Plato and Aristotle to hold "such ideologically distorted views about slavery".

Slavery was not in fact thought by either Plato or Aristotle to be a problem, nor was it one. Mr. Gouldner holds it a root cause of the endemic inter-city wars of the fourth century: "the citizen elite need slaves to help maintain their establishments during their military service, and they need to fight so that they can maintain the slave supply". This is over-simplified and grounded on an equally over-simplified and chronologically static view of ancient economies. But even if it were true, the evidence Mr. Gouldner adduces for supposing that in the fourth century an "intensification of the crisis in the slave system" made its problems surface into "public consciousness" consists in nothing more than some speculation about the psychological effects on children with Plato's sort of background of being brought up by slaves (and women) and a passage in the *Laws* to the effect that the Spartan helotry system (at very different matter) is controversial and that there is confusion in the way people talk about slaves. But the controversy, so far as Plato is interested in it, has to do with the difficulty of helotry because subject populations are liable to revolt and it is also only for its implications about the efficient management of slaves that Plato mentions the difficulty of selecting the terms most suitable for describing and evaluating them.

It is precisely this selection of an appropriate slave vocabulary that Aristotle undertakes to provide in his *Politics*. He is in no sense trying to justify or legitimate slavery as an institution. Nor is anyone known to have attacked it as an institution. Many of the problems he is concerned with extend as much to women as to slaves, and indeed to anyone an employee, for example, for the duration of his employment—a "slavery" of a sort according to a common attitude) over whom one exercises "Boss-ship" and through whom one acts or implements one's will (this last is the point of the notorious but widely misunderstood classification of slaves and underlings in general as "implements with souls"). The problem specific in slaves is that Aristotle wants, from the point of view of theoretical jurisprudence, to bring their being owned within the scope of his concept of natural justice. This is what is at stake, not the practice of enslaving people, and his failure to produce a case convincing enough for later jurisprudence made not a jot of difference to man's inhumanity to man.

Philosophical interest in slavery as such seems, in fact, motivated solely by prior interest in the concept of natural justice. Both Plato and Aristotle agree that it is anyway better for certain types of inferior persons to be subordinated in various ways, and that is the main issue between Plato and Sophists like Antiphon. The *Laws* has a large-scale programme for deriving law from nature, but all Plato really wants, in fact, is a perfectly general argument in favour of the exercise of authority by certain kinds of person, namely those capable of certain markedly abstract operations of reason. For those whom nature has not so equipped it is better, in their own interests, to be subordinated to their natural superiors. This is indeed for him a "slavery" status, but so is that of a lawyer arguing a case in front of a jury or, in the *Cratylus*, that of Socrates in relation to the laws of the city (an "old sentiment", this). Real slaves provide the point of comparison, precisely because their situation is so obvious that it needs no elucidation or argument from a philosopher.

Aristotle's rather more complex views on justice and authority create problems for him in connexion not only with slaves but also with all who lack certain (moderately abstract) powers of reason. But the matter-of-fact way in which the terms "slave" and "master" turn up as stock examples in his logical treatises is an index of the complete emotional and moral neutrality of his attitude to slavery as such. Nor is there any real evidence that any of his contemporaries thought otherwise.

Much the same is true of the second layer in Mr. Gouldner's "crisis" situation: poverty and the tensions created by the gap between rich and poor. These were real enough, though less serious in Athens whose social structure Plato, in Mr. Gouldner's view, is "basically" trying to rekind. It is true that "to Plato, poverty is objectionable because of its moral consequences—its effects upon social morality"—rather than because "it violates humanitarian sentiments or involves a particularly objectionable form of social inequality"; but Plato was not a democrat and Greek sentiments about poverty were less generalized than Mr. Gouldner's.

But having a culture-bound vision is not just a matter of not entertaining modern thoughts. The social context in which a person theorizes is, after all, Mr. Gouldner's special interest, yet he complains, with astounding anachronism, that in opting for agriculturally based utopia, Plato "proposes no war on poverty", that he rejects "the strategy of increasing abundance" based on "the use of mathematics, and science for the development of a wealth-producing technology". It takes more than a change of attitude to the "industrial arts" to cover the distance between the *Timaeus* and Washington University, Missouri. Equality in various economic matters was not only precluded but occasionally practised in ancient Greece, but the very idea of the poverty of another person being "in itself morally undesirable, no matter who he is, and therefore something to be eliminated, presupposes a world of attitudes and emotions that have grown from a totally different socio-economic context. One has only to remember how Plato, when legislating on how poverty is to be dealt with, is guided by the thought that only a good man in misfortune is pitiable. The same idea pervades Aristotle's *Politics*, and cannot have been out of the mind of the audience it was written for. Mr. Gouldner's sociological skills would be better employed in helping us to understand the

sources of such basic value differences than in prescribing his own values as panaceas for other cultures.

The third and uppermost layer of inter-city war. The "huma" here is that Plato does not seek to avoid, in choosing the city-state as a "unit" for social change he accepts international conflict as a given from the start. The interest of this, debilitating phenomenon, is basically the same as Mr. Gouldner's.

The tendency to aggression in economic motives of a city dweller within itself—he does not deny this. Mr. Gouldner's claim to the contrary actually advocates, as a ruling force, a pan-Hellenic crusade against the barbarians, as a consequence of the fact that Mr. Gouldner's confidence in it is so great that even of its best-known exponent, he writes as a "best solution" to Greek problems. Mr. Gouldner seems not, however, to have as full an appreciation of Isocrates of what the aim of such an effort would have been, since he interprets Isocrates' reference to the riches to be won as a "fantasy" to induce the Greeks to adopt his proposal. And he limits altogether the close association of this policy with the idea of the barbarian as a mutual slave. Perhaps he thinks that the Athenian hegemony for which Isocrates pleaded would have been the Greeks bringing democracy to Asia.

Whatever the feasibility and value of a temporary at best—of a Hellenic programme, Plato's interest in it is genuinely basic solution for the city state, not the whole threatened by Mr. Gouldner's description of a "radical overthrow" of Greek institutions, especially of a system of stratification and its closely exclusive image of commerce. A change which would have been the city in the great number who in it were not of it", namely, the exploited slaves and foreigners, a gross distortion of this branch of Greek thought. The Greek (Greek treatment of aliens being very last thing to criticize) from the standpoint of a modern "liberal" promising beginning for one who aspires to be a "social nuisance" "those claiming to lead an individual life" and calls upon his legions, with numerous admonitions for the improvement of their intellectual powers. In recognition that follow their calling is to be "shame to shamans and priests and the jurors of philosopher-kings... maker and shaker of worlds that and worlds that might be".

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THE TIMES
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
LONDON PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE
Thursday October 26 1967
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EASTERN ATTITUDES

There was a time when selling to communist countries required the cunning of the nineteenth-century diplomat. So begins a new book, *Eastern Trade: A Practical Guide to Selling in Eastern Europe*, by Peter Zentner (Parrish, 45s.). Mr. Zentner's book is intended not only to hone up the salesmen of the strange and exotic habits of these outlandish people, but also, in passing, to suggest that they are not really so strange or outlandish at all. Yet that extraordinary delusion of the impassable gulf between East and West that both sides so successfully disseminated during the Cold War still haunts one of his pages. In his well-meaning chapter on "Personal Relationships" he warns the businessman who is beginning to relax over his vodka:

... that any jokes you care to tell are either apolitical, or if political, restricted to the politics of the neutral ground. Don't leave a communist about his system. One would not want to leave a husband about his wife. ... Even a remark about the high incidence of various vices among the common man has been misconstrued as a pointed political statement.

No doubt there are still many misconceptions when any visitor in Eastern Europe has to use his tact. But the *Eastern Trade* of the Pole or Czech is a kind of all-round intelligence, unpredictable "one man" can only be encouraged to survive by political Babel.

In fact, let the really serious business man buy a copy of the latest issue of *The Eastern Trade*, a journal published by Northwestern University, Evanston. He may not sell any more wares than before, but he could be something else out of his East European bag. This number of *The Eastern Trade* is subtitled "Tradition and Innovation in Eastern European Literature", and it succeeds very well in showing how literature and thought have been able to be called the "Soviet Union" have a fundamental continuity with pre-war European tradition, and are wholly intelligible to us, and indeed still largely our own.

On the platform level, in both Poland and Hungary, one of the most talented and influential figures today is in each case a pre-war writer, now either exiled or dead. In Poland, it is Witold Gombrowicz, whose *Invitation to a Beheading* was first published in 1931, and republished in Warsaw in 1957, when the edition of 1931 was sold out in a few days. Gombrowicz's fantastic, ironic picture of man reduced to unprotesting slavery by the "pressures of history" and only able to escape by a kind of willful immaturity, had a resonance across the years in Poland and was loudly acknowledged in 1957, and still goes on. In Hungary, it is Miklos Martonyi, a pre-war poet who for a time was a member of the Communist Party, though expelled at the age of twenty-seven for "deviating from the Party line". His influence has been particularly profound in recent years. In Hungary, it is József, who committed suicide in 1937, but whose intellectual force and delicacy in his vision of the complex pains of human existence, and attitude toward even the most trivial aspects of life, have lately been appearing in this country.

Yet of course during the past thirty years the Eastern European countries have been through two experiences without precedent in history: German occupation and the imposition of a communist regime. And if the kind of questions Gombrowicz and József were concerned with are still being asked, the answers now that the main attention is given to the external life, and subsequent to the internal life, are different.

profound events and what they have done to the people who lived through them.

This in fact means that the finest literature written in those countries since the war shows both an attentiveness to the great modern European traditions, and also an anguish of originality of thought, that are arguably greater than our own. The survival of love in the face of the uttermost inhumanity: the hand-dandy interchanges between the victim's and the oppressor's role; the claims and the perversions of abstract justice; the ambiguous demands of loyalty: these are the kinds of subject brooded on and wonderfully, if somberly, illuminated by poets such as Zbigniew Herbert and Tadeusz Rozewicz in Poland, or Miroslav Holub in Czechoslovakia; and novelists like Kazimierz Brandyś in Poland, and József Lengyel in Hungary. The recent Penguin *Polish Writing Today* reviewed on page 1014 shows how the writers who are not of this stature are often tackling experiences that are a sort of fall-out from the grander issues, in a moving and wholly relevant way for us.

And even if our businessman just wants a good read, for comparison, about the reactions of a visitor from eastern Europe to the West, he can get it in another periodical, the *Summer*, 1967, issue of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*. The editor, Ivan Boldizsar, tells there of his first visit to America. His diary is perhaps just a shade too carefully balanced, but it is shrewd, funny and human in a way that thoroughly disposes of Mr. Zentner's canvas of alarming stiff-necks.

Of course there is still far less freedom of expression in Eastern Europe than we can find acceptable, and it may have diminished still further lately. The editor of this issue of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, a Polish critic's complaint, made in 1966, that writers in his country, appreciating the amount of freedom they have been given in the Gomulka era, have willingly abandoned in return all real criticism of the "road to socialism" that Poland is taking. No doubt such subtle influences on writers are also a reality to be found in Poland. The fact is clear, however, that both in Poland and in her neighbours, writers have gone on dealing very boldly with matters that concern them and their countrymen, and contriving to get much of their work published.

An essay in a very different new book, *East*, as well perhaps as has been done lately, the similarity in the long run between those concerns and ours. This is a piece by Professor C. B. Macpherson, Professor of Political Science at the University of Toronto, called "The Maximisation of Democracy", and it is to be found in the third series of articles called *Philosophy, Politics and Society*, edited by Peter Laslett and W. G. Sumner (Blackwell, 30s.). Professor Macpherson argues that East and West are now both hoping eventually for the same two things: maximum production and consumption, and maximum freedom for human beings to use their full powers. What he suggests is that in the West the two aims are, without us fully realizing it, in conflict: whereas in the East there is a chance of them both in time being fulfilled. His essay is a warning, intricate, abstract and tentative. Yet, accompanied by some translations of these Eastern European writers, it would perhaps really be better reading for the businessman on his eastbound airliner than any guide to selling.

JOHN BEROER
59 Route de Moiegnin, Meyrin, Geneva.

Our Reviewer writes:—I can at least assure Mr. Berger that my review of Mr. Lipke's book was not motivated by "spite". Did I not say he has done his job thoroughly? I have seen two big exhibitions of Bomberg's work in the last ten years, and cannot agree with Mr. Berger that he is a "painter of negligible importance". Nor do I agree with Mr. Berger that my analysis of Bomberg's aesthetic character, his development as a painter and his technical capacities were presented "without any reasoning at all". Did I not pose the question of his artistic sincerity? I have read an essay on Bomberg by

Letters to the Editor
THIN PARTITIONS
Sir,—It is not to be expected that a literary journal should be responsible for every sentence in its individual reviews, but the omniscience of the *TLS* and its policy of anonymity accessibly praise and dismissal rather than the *Trial of Ezra* Pound (September 21), in which the main attention is given to the eventual failure in, and subsequent to, the trial.

the review manager to condemn the poetry with the man by this addition: "However, Mr. Pound's ideas were: grandiose, not elegant; a system of vague material. Not unimportant, this is also apt criticism of the Cantos, particularly the later ones. The heart sinks at the thought of the time that has been and is going to be spent on their literary explication. Judging by the two specimens printed here, the bookcase themselves, though alone as boring and confused, were infinitely less harmful."

I think it is, in most thoughtful criticism, unnatural to identify a writer's rationalized, or institutionalized, ideas with the success of his art. Pound is a poet of considerable importance, and the Cantos, though flawed, are full of lovely strokes and passages, in that unquestionable effect that accompanies great poetry. The reviewer's snail's account of a helpless, cranky dipper with an unmitigated condemnation of the poem he wrote, and probably is still writing: this is injudicious, arising from confused evidence and summing-up.

Incidentally, the edition of the Cantos now in print has been described in this way by a leading bookseller, in a letter to me: "... it is clear that the first part of the book, Cantos 1-84, has been reprinted in the unsatisfactory manner you mention. The later Cantos, as we think, also printed from plates taken from earlier editions, though the work is not quite so disgraceful as that of the earlier pages." Messrs. Faber and Faber point out that economic necessity has caused them to use offset processes; but there aren't many poets who today are represented by such crude printing, especially at £2.10s. for a volume.

A. J. MORRISON,
6 Bowden Close, Coombe Dingle, Bristol 9.

This letter was shown to Mr. Charles Monthé of Faber and Faber, who writes: "The printing of the current edition of *The Cantos*—though not, we think, 'disgraceful'—is admittedly far from perfect. The only satisfactory way to rectify this would be to re-set the book completely, and, since the nearly 800 pages long and the setting extremely complicated, this would mean that the selling price would have to be raised to at least £4.4s.

NOT SO MAJOR

Sir,—I write concerning your review on September 28 of William Lipke's critical study of the painter David Bomberg. The convention of anonymity in *The Times Literary Supplement* is surely intended to encourage greater criticism objectively than is possible in the personal literary columns of the rest of the press. On the whole it probably achieves its object. But when this anonymity is used as a screen to cover and, as it were, collectivize purely personal prejudice and spite, the harm done is considerable. The letter was certainly the case in the review with which I am concerned.

However, this large enclosure provides space for a more leisurely examination of the books than is often possible at individual publishers' stands. The hand-drawn complete catalogue which the Council provides is of inestimable value to all visitors.

SIR STANLEY UNWIN, Chairman, George Allen & Unwin Ltd., Ruskell House, 40 Museum Street, London, W.C.1.

THE REPRINT BUSINESS

Sir,—Who in his right mind (pace Mr. Spectator, October 12) wants a new annotated edition of Nathan Drake's volumes on eighteenth-century periodicals? Who wants a reprint of the original edition but the reprint publisher?

PAUL MORDECAI ROSENBERG,
Brasenose College, Oxford.

RADIOPHONIC COMMUNICATIONS

Sir,—Mr. Fry, in your issue of October 19, criticizes the correctness of my caption, "Kirsten Dietrich speaking to her small daughter in Berlin over the newly installed transatlantic cable", and suggests that she was speaking over the transatlantic radiophone link. It would be possible to push his criticism a little further. In your charming photograph, Kirsten Dietrich's mouth is shut and is far from speaking from the middle piece which points into the air somewhere above her right ear. The receiver is firmly on the hook. Therefore she was not speaking to anyone, whether over the Atlantic or otherwise.

E. W. PLAYFAIR,
12 The Vale, London, S.W.3.

We cannot get off this hook either: our caption was indeed inaccurate. Kirsten Dietrich in fact put through her call at 4 a.m. and Erich Salchow photographed her later, in a plausible pose.

It is regretted that because of increased costs of production and distribution this price of the *TLS* must be raised from next week to 1s. The size of the paper will be maintained at 24 pages.

(Other letters are on page 1020)

Mr. Berger in which he writes that this artist "took many of his conscious theories from Bishop Berkeley", but that for himself: "Such idealism is so foreign to my own way of thinking that I cannot accept its validity or usefulness". After which Mr. Berger talks of Bomberg's later landscapes "being possessed by being covered" by "a veil, a curtain, a tent" of paint. Then doubtfully he concludes that they "appear to be the paintings of a giant". Is that good reasoning? I am unaware that Bomberg has been "rehabilitated as a success after death". On what evidence does Mr. Berger base his statement? Surely he cannot imagine that rhetorical phrase by himself, Mr. Fry and Mr. Lipke is sufficient to establish an artist's reputation internationally as "one of the great ones"? Despite the campaign to turn Bomberg into a posthumous "success", non-English collectors and museums remain unimpressed; even in England his works are prized by very few people.

WHAT PRICE POETRY?

Sir,—The answers to the questions raised by Mr. Allison and Miss Grigson in a letter on October 19 are to some extent related to English reading habits and our attitude to books. Compared with Europe, poetry has always been little read, and, therefore, while one admires the courage and dedication of Allison and Busby in publishing volumes of verse by new poets, it is relevant to point out that a small press without staff and minimum overheads can price such books in small editions lower than a larger publisher. Part of the increased price would be accounted for by an expensive sale and promotion organization which would ensure wider distribution.

But I do not consider that in the case of poetry or any literary books price makes much difference to sales, unless it is astronomical. I believe that many books in England are still drastically underpriced, underpriced—because many people believe the books should cost less than other commodities, despite the fact that they normally endure longer. Some publishers and booksellers ponder to this misconception—instead of convincing readers that book prices must relate to other rising costs. Recently a journalist suggested we price a book at 10s. 6d. which we intend to publish and sell at 30s. 10s. 6d. would just about cover our production costs, without distribution or allowing for booksellers' discounts!

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Other letters are on page 1020



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Literature

POLISH POETRY, POLISH PROSE

CELINA WIENIEWSKA (Editor): *Polish Writing Today*. 206pp. Penguin. 6s.

"Today" means more in this title than it usually does in such anthologies. A good deal of the Polish literature that was published just after the war, such as Andrzejewski's *Ashes and Diamonds*, and most of the great burst of writing that preceded and followed Gombik's return to power in 1956, is now available in one place or another in English. Miss Wieniewska has accordingly concentrated, in her selection, on more recent and usually younger writers. This means that, especially among the prose-writers, some important names are missing: Andrzejewski himself, Kazimierz Brandys as a novelist (though he appears as a columnist), Mrozek. Nor is a further appearance made here by such things as Adam Wazyk's fizzling political fust of 1955, the "Poem for Adults". The major work in this selection is the poetry of Zbigniew Herbert and Tadeusz Rozewicz. These two poets, both of whom fortunately come across very well in translation, are really outstanding writers of far more than simply national interest. Both are grave men,

yet each writes with his own distinctive vitality: Herbert with a razor-sharp elegance, Rozewicz directing a harsh, flashing light. Each in his own way is engaged in facing the horrors and confusions of the last thirty years of Polish history. But the issues they raise concern humanity. Herbert's "At the Gates of the Valley", for instance, draws together images from the gates of Auschwitz and images from the Last Judgment; the countless angels, the confused throng in the gates (an old woman carrying her dead cat, a lumberjack pressing his axe to his breast), all portrayed

a moment before the final division into those who gnash their teeth and those who sing psalms. The gentleness of the description, the dry understanding shown in the angels who "have a hard job", the whole rather apologetic manner of the poem only serve to press the horror of it with irresistible firmness into the consciousness; and behind the German doctors and guards rises the smiling spectre of a Christian civilization founded on

ideas of judgment and condemnation. Here Herbert can write with the same unemphatic yet terribly moving lucidity of the end of a love affair, or of Fortinbras's farewell to Hamlet:

I must also elaborate a better system of prisons
since as you justly said Denmark is a prison
I go to my affairs.

Rozewicz re-creates in his poems moments of bare survival or slow, painful recovery of what we think of as human feelings, in what we call inhuman circumstances:

love-poems of old
used to be descriptions of flesh
they described the sun and that
for instance eyelashes
and yet redness
should be described
by greyness the sun by rain
the poppies in November
the lips at night.

There are also good selections in the book from most of the other younger Polish poets: writers like the late Andrzej Bursa and Tymoteusz Karpowicz, whose work has a grim, ironic stamp akin to that of Herbert and Rozewicz; Miron Bialoszewski, whose language games leave out the difficulties of knowing and the sorrows of loss; Jerzy Harasymowicz, sensuous, witty and fantastic, in the vein we know from Mrozek of high Polish nonsense:

The line has been straight
ever since
Pythagoras traced it down for us
in the chimney
with chalk dipped in holy water . . .
Now it is very tired
and dreams of nothing
but rolling itself into a ball.

The prose in this anthology is on the whole less distinguished, though nearly always interesting. There are examples of a sort of dirty will re-

lections, more popular in Poland than here, by Brandys and by Jan Kott. Brandys on style ("I did not choose a style—I chose my attitude and the attitude meted out a style . . . I got entirely what I deserved"), rain set forgiveness; Kott on eroticism and illness—memories and arguable ideas thrown out in a looser way than we are accustomed to in print.

The short stories deal mostly with tragic and ironic situations, including arising out of the war or its aftermath. The best is perhaps Tadeusz Polak's *Full Circle*, about a German film man who comes to see a Jewish home in postwar Poland in order to get material, and is soon directing the life of the family. Three of the stories are first person narratives by criminals or masters—impressive but messy stories, the ironic moral criticism flying about rather uncontrolled and in dubious relationship to an authorial undertone of nihilistic aggressiveness. There are also some rather flat narratives of grief and disaster: a small boy's ultimately fatal wanderings in Warsaw when the tensions at home drive him out; a soldier described by Magda Les (who has done better than this); a rather unconvincing story of adultery in a peasant cottage and murder in the wood outside. Oddly enough, the stories probably lose more by translation than the poems to this volume.

Most of them depend a good deal on the accuracy with which a colloquial—often an illiterate colloquial—is caught, and nothing is harder to take across to another language. If Polish criminals sound like the kind of a cultivated Polish translator brought up in England has of an English navy, authenticity has a western time of it. Nevertheless this is an anthology that will be worth reading, and that makes the range of Polish writing today very clear.

The Wobblies

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COMMENTARY: BABEL IN THE THEATRE

The Royal Court's fine production of Isaac Babel's *Marya* is an appropriate contribution to the October revolution's jubilee. The play was first performed in the Soviet Union, and was given its first staging anywhere only in 1964 at the Piccolo Teatro, Florence. Its production seems to be a revival of Russian theatre in Babel's work. One sign of this is the recent publication in the Soviet Union of the first comprehensive Russian edition of Babel's writing to date. Babel: *Selected Works*, Moscow: Khudozhennaya Literatura. Distributed by Collet's, 10s. 6d. It includes most of the stories, some of which are, although most of the letters, notably those to his wife, remain unpublished. Babel's plays and an excellent introduction by L. Polyak: a generation well deserved by a man who, as well as being one of the best writers of his time, was rewarded in 1939 with deportation and, two years later, with death.

Isaac Babel was born in 1894 in Odessa, a colourful but impoverished ghetto, and his art was not only the response of an intellectual to the violence of his time but also the response of a deeply self-conscious Jew. At the time of Babel's youth was the scene of violent pogroms,

where, as in the Kiev General Mikhovitch described in *Marya*, Jews were kept strictly "to one side of the street, chased away by policemen from the other". Jewishness prevails in many of Babel's short stories, and his reading of Hebrew and Yiddish classics was as basic to his cultural assumptions as was his reading of French and Russian. His stories are rich in Jewish grotesques: "the octogenarian Reisl, tiny and humpbacked, as patinated with tradition as a roll of the Torah"; "Ashkenazis, Hebrews and Efrussis, gloomily finished misers, philosophical rosters, creators of wealth and of Odessa anecdotes . . . retired cantors, jesters at weddings, cooks at circumcisions, and ancient shop-assistants". It is easy and often justifiable to criticize Babel for exploiting the exoticism of what to his Russian readers must have seemed, in these descriptions, an alien, mysterious race. This is particularly true of his *Tales of Odessa* where improbably weird and colourful Jewish handiwork is set up against the exotic background of "Russia's Marseilles", a part which in Babel's descriptions is worthy of Baghdad in the *Thousand and One Nights*.

The scholarly, Talmudic Babel that emerged from Odessa was a bookworm who had "let slide everything that really mattered, such as playing truant in the harbour, learning the art of billiards in the coffee-houses on Greek Street, going swim-

ming at Langeron". When he reached Moscow Gorky advised him to "Go out among the people" for some years before presuming to be a writer. Many of Babel's stories are in fact concerned with the problems of initiation into manhood, problems that beset a young man who throws up his Talmud and sets off to fight with the Cossack cavalry. The test was severe, for not only are Cossacks by tradition ardently anti-Semitic; their regiments were the most brutally uninhibited in the Red (or White) armies. What better testing ground for the intellectual's dilemmas at the time—whether the eventual achievement of a good society would justify the brutal terror? The Cossack has always been Russian literature's version of the Noble Savage, and on many occasions Babel submits his meek sensibility and patry physique to the graceful Cossacks' severe scrutiny, for what use is there really in the Cossack cavalry for a man with spectacles on his nose and autumn in his heart? Babel's riding of a Cossack stallion is so inept that the horse is soon suffering from saddle-galls, and when a soldier whose belly has been torn out and whose entrails hang over his knees begs to be finished off Babel cannot bring himself to pull the trigger, but is content to let another mad do it for him.

And yet Babel's *Red Cavalry* is no

simple indictment of the scrupulous intellectual opposed to the boisterously single-minded revolutionary. It is often very hard indeed to recognize the true objectives of the revolution in these stories, for Soviet ideals get hopelessly buried in the details of lurid violence. The troops reek of "fresh blood and of human dust and ashes". Swords are thrust into the throats of prisoners, and a Polish soldier's skull takes flight, bits of his brain dripping over the narrator's hands. Not that Babel's aim is to criticize the use of terror: indeed he describes the Cossacks' savagery with unceasing exuberance. Lionel Trilling has suggested (in his introduction to the Penguin translation of the stories, from which many of the passages quoted have been taken) that by presenting violence not with horror but with joy Babel is restraining himself from imposing on it his own moral disapproval, for he is concerned more importantly to represent merely "the unyielding circumstance in which the human fact exists", to "show it forth". All this is very true in that Babel has obviously succeeded in "showing forth" the brutal facts of the Russian revolution. Yet it is hard at times not to see in the zest with which Babel describes the slaughter not a subtle device to achieve detachment but rather an over-passionate, almost unhealthy involvement, the meek intellectual's need perhaps to indulge, on paper, in the lustful, uninhibited violence he shrinks from on horseback.

Red Cavalry and *Tales of Odessa* are written in an overlush, heavily metaphorical style. Some of Babel's figures are acceptably inventive: "The dying sun, round and yellow as a pumpkin"; "The moon hung above the yard like a cheap earring"; elsewhere, though, one finds that the sunset's "foaming rivers flowed along the embroidered napkins of peasant fields", and that the sky was "like an accordion with lots of keyboards". By 1925, after finishing *Red Cavalry* and *Tales of Odessa*, Babel began to shed this kind of mannerism. Magnificent stories like

"The Awakening", "Dante Street", "The Kiss", reveal a wholly different, superior talent. The themes are often the same, but the style is simple, unadorned, slipperily exact. These stories give one an idea of the excellence Soviet literature was deprived of with Babel's death. Babel was working on his first long novel when he was arrested.

Marya too is wholly free of the rhetoric of Babel's earlier stories, though its episode construction is typical of all Babel's work. Many of its glimpses of post-revolutionary life come straight out of the stories. As in *Red Cavalry* the details of hardship overshadow any sense of the essential purpose of the revolution, and it is a sly joke of Babel's that *Marya* herself, the one character who has embraced Soviet ideals unquestioningly and without taint of corruption, never actually appears on the stage, being evoked almost mythically as an ideal of revolution which Babel perhaps feared had been buried in horror. And yet, Babel is able to produce from the grime of the actual, if not a live *Marya*, at least a reasonable alternative which it might be as well to settle for: when the aristocratic general dies and his house is requisitioned, the concierge may be vulgarly ruthless in her exercise of power over her former masters, but the family that does take the house over is eminently well-deserving, particularly the pregnant wife, who meekly enjoys the wondrous transformation of the chandelier on the ceiling each time she dares press down the magical switch on the wall.

Marya is a far greater achievement than Babel's first and only other play, *Sunset*, which suffers from the florid provincialism of the *Odessa Tales* (though its dialogue, rich in Yiddish vocabulary and syntax, was something wholly original in the Russian theatre). *Sunset* is really just one more Odessa tale, put into dramatic form. It is sad that Babel was not able to complete the trilogy of which *Marya* was to be the first part, for he was unquestionably getting his hand in as a dramatist.

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KEPLER'S MAN ON THE MOON

Kepler's Somnium. Translated with a commentary by Edward Rosen. 255pp. University of Wisconsin Press. (American University Publishers Group.) £3 6s.

Regiomontanus on Triangles. Translated by Barnabas Hughes, with an introduction and notes. 298pp. University of Wisconsin Press. (American University Publishers Group.) £3 15s.

For two and a half centuries Kepler has been acknowledged as one of the giants on whose shoulders Newton stood. After his three laws of planetary motion, little else of his was deemed to matter. Even Frisch's excellent edition of Kepler's works, an edition which was completed nearly a hundred years ago, does not appear to have persuaded many to read Kepler's major works, let alone the lesser writings. The tide seems to have turned with von Dyck's and Caspar's *Gesammelte Werke*, begun in 1937 and not yet completed. At last Kepler has come into his own as a man of rare originality. There is a Kepler handwagon on which more and more historians are climbing. Edward Rosen is one of a select few with a right to be there; and his translation of the *Somnium*, with commentary, now replaces the totally inadequate version by P. F. Kirkwood (translation) and John Lear (commentary) published only two years ago.

The beginnings of the *Somnium* were in a Tübingen dissertation composed by Kepler in 1593, in which the Copernican thesis was upheld on the basis of an analogy between the experience of a terrestrial observer and one on the Moon. Copernicanism, half a century old, was still anathema to the Tübingen professor in charge of the exercise, and Kepler was not allowed to read his thesis. This piece of juvenilia was put aside until, in 1609, he added the dream framework, devised in order to introduce a supernatural agency to carry his astronomer to the Moon. Still the draft was not published, although the story—if Kepler is to be believed—was circulating in the barbers' shops, and was even (wrongly) supposed to have been in the hands of the anonymous author (Donne) of *Ignatius*, 1590. This short interval in the

life of *Conclave*, who "stings me by name at the very outset". Again the text was put aside, until between 1622 and 1630—years of personal and national depression—Kepler added explanatory notes, quadrupling the length of the whole. The book, published posthumously in 1634, thus derives from three distinct periods of Kepler's life. "Nowhere else in such brief compass," writes Professor Rosen, "is to be found Kepler's own account of his stormy career; one of the main pathways leading to that awesome force which is modern science."

The *Somnium* is commonly described as "science fiction" or "dream fiction". There is a literalness in the allegory which bears comparison with that of the *Divine Comedy*, although the reader will probably live in expectation of finding hobbis rather than Virgil on the next page. A subject of literary imitation it may have been, but as literature there is no trace of greatness in the *Somnium*. Apart from its biographical significance, the purely astronomical substructure of the plot provides

the main interest. The basic text runs in only eighteen pages. Add to these Kepler's own 223 notes (excluding thirty-eight notes to a geographical appendix of about two pages), more than twice as many more by Professor Rosen, not to mention his thirteen appendices, and the result is the most valuable compendium of Kepleriana in the English language—which is ironic, considering the status of Kepler's longer works.

It is generally agreed that the *De Triangulis* of Regiomontanus marks an important turning-point in the history of mathematics and astronomy, but no one has yet made out a really convincing case. Regiomontanus certainly had a reputation of greatness in the late sixteenth century (this work, completed in 1464, was not printed until 1533), and he undoubtedly influenced men who were in turn influential, such as Rheticus, Copernicus, and Tycho Brahe. It does not follow, however, that an English translation (here facing a facsimile of the original) has to be justified in terms of the old myth that Regiomontanus was

the first European scholar to treat trigonometry as a theoretical science. Father Hughes, who, after translating and pondering on the text from beginning to end, should know as much about the *De Triangulis* as any man alive, has in fact added an introductory essay which slavishly follows the pronouncements of writers many of whom one suspects of never even having seen a copy. For him, as for J. D. Bond and Sister Mary Zeller (on whom his résumé of previous history seems principally to rest), the three centuries before Regiomontanus are virtually unknown territory, and would have been better ignored than misrepresented.

The early printed edition chosen for reproduction is the first. This is no doubt the most satisfactory choice, although a collation with the original manuscript and the second edition would have been of a value out of all proportion to the effort involved. (It will be a happy day indeed when editors begin to include numerical tables which are an essential part of their texts.)

SCIENCE'S P.R.O.

MAGNUS PYKE: *The Science Century*. 183pp. John Murray. 30s.

Dr. Pyke, one of our most devoted guides through the world of science, likes to look all round his subject from different angles without committing himself to any one viewpoint. In his new book he becomes, rather surprisingly, its public relations officer. His science century stretches from about 1850 to about 1950. This short interval in the

affairs of men is like no other span, however long, in the changes it has wrought in our surroundings, in the way we think and what we think about, and in the goods we can command to enrich our passage from cradle to grave. This continuing revolution has happened because of the interrelation of two phenomena: a mode of thought, and an impulse to action. Scientific analysis is "the notion that the universe and much of man's behaviour in it can be understood by precise observation followed by speculation, but speculation continually submitted to experimental and observational verification."

The scientist is satisfied to prove that a piece of the natural world behaves as it does because certain relations exist between its parts. He is an intellectual giver of laws to what is otherwise a mystery, and is content to leave it at that. There were a few such great men strung out along the ages before Dr. Pyke's century. But at its beginning they were on the increase, and starting to mix with a different sort of man who, when he understood what the scientist was getting at, was impatient to put science to work to make new things not provided by nature. So between scientist and man of notion the technologist was born. The immensely fruitful traffic between science and technology was a two-way process. Sometimes the technologist simply applied the scientist's analysis to make new things work. Sometimes he found himself with a problem he could not solve without learning how to analyse it scientifically. The scientist is the source of Dr. Pyke's wonderful century, but the technologist has made it work. The partnership is often so close that the parties to it are hardly to be distinguished.

With such notions Dr. Pyke's gallop through his century gets off to a flying start. Some of his chapters almost seem (but quite deceptively) to write themselves. In this century medicine first saw, identified and largely centralized its bacterial enemy in most of the killer diseases, and surgery advanced from amputations to intricate and almost painless skill through asepsis, anaesthesia and X-ray techniques. In it we first began to see well, publicly and privately, in the dark, passing from candles and oil lamps through gas flames to the electric arc and the vacuum filament bulb. The long and intricate filament stretched to messages (from Morse Code, through telegraph and telephone to radio communication) and through train, tram and bus to automobiles; through air and space adventures, and through the skill that distinguishes the great test pilots. One

of the most surprising of all is his omission to write a chapter on nuclear research, which more than anything else has shaped the end of his century. Hiroshima is mentioned, twice, but in such bland terms that no one would guess that it symbolizes the most acute moral dilemma of our time. However, such questions are outside a public relations officer's normal duties. Dr. Pyke's tongue is put always in its natural position.



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Anthropology

C. SCOTT LITTLETON: *The New Comparative Mythology. An Anthropological Assessment of the Theories of Georges Dumézil*. 242pp. University of California Press. London 1

Professor Georges Dumézil, of the Collège de France, is by any reckoning a most considerable scholar, and his research in the ideological constitution of early Indo-European society is surely one of the most important of learning in this century. He has a very wide range of academic subjects, and in countries far from France, he has a large body of admirers who are attracted by his erudition, disciplined perspective, and deep commitment to a particular field of learning. He has produced more than 150 articles, and most of the formidable 680 pages of *La Religion romaine archaïque*; he writes with clarity, grace, and vigour; he has constantly elaborated the main themes of his interpretation of Indo-European tradition, and has modestly incorporated the recurrent modifications of his views to which, encouragingly, he has been led by further reflection and research; when he has been questioned he has responded with grace and wit, but always with justice to his critics and a complete sense of responsibility to the matter in hand. In a little more than forty years he has established a new and impressive conception of the integrity and continuity of Indo-European civilization. No wonder that he has inspired, in even those who know only his printed work, a personal attachment which justifies his title of "disciples".

Yet he is also a highly controversial figure, assailed by certain prominent scholars and dismissed as suspect by others. He has been charged with being selectively or superficially in his comparative studies, and with an unwarranted enthusiasm for his theory of the "three functions" which govern the evidence in a theoretical order which is largely facetious, and the inexpert reader to make of his provocative situation? He must beg the question by observing

that any man of originality is going to encounter the hostility of pedants (even if, as in this case, some of the critics seem obdurately determined to misunderstand the hypotheses they oppose), and he cannot be expected to real, let alone hope in estimate, everything that this prolific author has published. Astonishingly enough, moreover, not one of Dumézil's works has yet been translated into English, and it is a dismal fact that this circumstance can still gravely combine a reputation and hinder the dissemination of ideas.

It is against this background that Dr. Littleton, of Occidental College, Los Angeles, can gratefully be judged to have rendered an outstanding scholarly service by his exposition of Dumézil's chief arguments and their reception. The account is largely chronological: after indicating the sphere of evidence and the earlier approaches to the comparative study of myth, Dr. Littleton distinguishes and describes Dumézil's "formative phase" (1924-38), his "developmental phase" (1938-49), and his "flourescent phase" (1949 to the present). In each section so headed he surveys the main investigations and theories characteristic of the period, outlining the burden of the major works and the supplementary evidences of related papers. The penultimate chapter lists and discusses the disciples and the critics, and the book concludes with an anthropological assessment. There is a lengthy and thorough bibliography of references cited, and

the index, though not extensive, is fairly adequate. (There is no map, however, and any future reprinting would be much improved by the inclusion of one.) Dr. Littleton has evidently worked in close consultation with his subject, and his rendering of the latter's views seems in general to be reliable and reasonably comprehensive. The writing tends to be rather flat, but this is readily understandable in an account which necessarily is for the most part a catalogue. The work as a whole is a necessity for any academic library, and should be possessed by anyone seriously interested in the Indo-European tradition, classical studies, mythology, and a variety of related subjects concerned with the history, symbolism, and social context of "collective representations".

This last expression, however, which is a term of French sociology and thence of social anthropology, raises a question about the standpoint from which the book has been written. The sub-title promises an "anthropological assessment", and Dr. Littleton announces that his approach to Dumézil's theories is "that of a social anthropologist", but it is far from clear what precisely can be intended by these references to anthropology. Very little ethnographic comparison is made with cultures outside the Indo-European area, and it is doubtful in any case whether there is any such thing as a distinctively "anthropological" mode of judgment. In the event, the author

makes no rigorous assessment in any terms. He is also less well informed than he might be about the demonstrated relevance of Dumézil's work for investigations made by social anthropologists. He has been "unable to uncover any references... to Dumézil and his works by British and American anthropologists", but at Oxford, over the past ten years, social anthropologists have repeatedly paid attention in print to Dumézil's ideas; his analysis of the classical *varna*, for instance, has been brought to bear on the study of caste in modern Gujarat, and his notions on sovereignty and other topics have been applied to the study of ideologies in Tibeto-Burman and East African cultures. In the United States, however, it does unfortunately appear to be true that anthropologists are unaware of Dumézil and on this score at least Dr. Littleton is both right and redemptory.

But even to demonstrate an anthropological interest in Dumézil's theories would not have any decisive effect on the dubious opinions of scholars in other subjects. It is not, after all, the anthropological aspect as such which provokes the hostility of many of Dumézil's critics, for ironically the contrary theories of such prominent opponents as the late Professor H. J. Rose, are themselves "anthropological" only so outdated and discredited as to have been long abandoned by practising anthropologists. Moreover, Dumézil has plainly declared his indebtedness to the sociological insights supplied by Marcel Mauss and Marcel Gennep, and the welcome accorded his theories by modern social anthropologists (particularly at Oxford, which is widely known to be addicted to the outlook of the *Annales sociologiques*) could be no more than a sign of allegiance to

a common sociological or "structuralist" cause. In fact, it is very largely this theoretical stance itself, rather than the substance of Dumézil's historical suggestions, which is at issue. Some of the opposition in this regard is indeed understandable, for "structuralism" has in recent years become the label of some exceedingly murky and pretentious pronouncements, and it is not only reactionary classicists who may be repelled by the excesses of the fashionable cult which has focused on the person of Professor Lévi-Strauss. But Dr. Littleton's book, admirable though it is in other respects, neither explains nor justifies the doctrine.

The resistance to Dumézil is not new in any case, and the method of comparison which he practises is by no means a recent development. Fundamentally, indeed, a determining factor in the opposition to his approach seems to be the dialectic of analysis, between content and relation, which is inescapable in any discipline and which perennially conduces to the formation of opposed argumentative camps. In the field of Indo-European studies there are numerous interpreters of content, but there are far fewer comparatists of structure. This disparity may result from the fact that the kind of investigation of which Dumézil is such an arresting proponent demands not only the conventional scholarly capacities but also a power of abstraction and a gift for discerning connections with which few are endowed. Yet there is a method there, too, and this can be taught by example. Dr. Littleton's compendious guide is no substitute for the exemplary brilliance of the original, but it is a highly serviceable means to a wider appreciation of the intellectual excitement and instruction to be found in reading Professor Dumézil himself.

COGNATIC SOCIETY

CHIEF NAKANE: *Kinship and Economic Organization in Rural Japan*. 203pp. Athlone Press. 40s.

"Kinship" in a title immediately announces a work in social anthropology, but anthropologists have had increasing trouble to decide, in a technical sense and in a comparative context, just what the term is supposed to mean. In this compact monograph Professor Chie Nakane, a Japanese woman scholar well known in the profession, makes an effective attempt to isolate, in village Japan, the factors there which are really at issue. In doing so she has faced the double difficulty of countering received notions on the subject and also in discounting the biases which these notions have introduced into previous accounts of Japanese peasant life carried out by her co-nationalists.

Her thorough and well-composed study rests not only on an extensive sociological literature in Japanese and English, supplemented by her own field inquiries, but on three centuries of historical records as well. This combination of sources of evidence lends her work a satisfying density which, if it demands full attention from the reader, permits a convincingly factual progress towards her conclusions. These are,

briefly, that the primary elements of social organization in rural Japan are not family, descent group, or status group, but are instead household, local corporate group, and village. These social forms are defined not by "kinship", i.e., rules of descent and marriage, but by locality, co-residence, and economic collaboration. The element of kinship (in the common English sense) is a contingent, not a definitive, feature.

Theoretically this outcome is, as the author decently acknowledges, not really novel. Edmund Leach, to take one notable instance, has presented a striking demonstration of such a case in his study of a village in Ceylon; and it has been claimed elsewhere, more generally, that cognatic societies (such as in Japan), lacking the absolute formative principle of a lineal rule of descent, typically resort to other criteria of organization such as locality or property. But this new proof of the position is nevertheless valuable, as a further corrective to analytical prejudices, and a fundamental contribution to the understanding of Japanese society.

MY SECRET LIFE

BRONISLAW MALINOWSKI: *A Diary in the Strict Sense of the Term*. Translated by Norman Guterman. 315pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2 5s.

The records which the anthropologist, Bronislaw Malinowski, kept during his studies of Melanesians have been published in translation with a preface by his widow (and second wife) and an introduction by his pupil Raymond Firth. Malinowski kept this diary a secret and wrote it in a sort of Polish shorthand. Some may feel, therefore, that as he obviously never wished what he wrote in it to be published, it should not have been published, that a dead man has a right to the privacy of his thoughts.

Too pleasure he painted of himself is not pleasant—even with the more intimate passages omitted. Mrs. Malinowski felt, however, that the diary was moreover a very boring repetition of banalities.

on insight into the personality of her husband. It could also be said that it is an advantage in assessing the conclusions of an anthropologist to know as much as possible about the man who did the research and the conditions in which he did it. One has to ask what sort of an anthropologist a man could be who expresses so deep a loathing of the people whose way of life he was studying. In referring to them throughout as "niggers" he was merely applying a term used by the British, or some of them, in Melanesia—but nowhere in the diary does he show the slightest sympathy with his hosts, no affection for them, or even understanding of them. The diary is moreover a very boring repetition of banalities.

Dishing it out

Look under disk in the big Webster and what do you find? Among the twenty-four definitions of the word itself, both noun and verb, the following: "a underware utensil that is often parabolic in form and usually highly directive in force reflection," "a of a horse to swing the forefeet sideways in trotting," and underneath, *dischotch*, which most men know about, and *dischotch* guard, better known as a loafli. Then there is *dischotch* in weak or dull person) and *dish cross*. The wonderful world of words is open to anyone who buys the big Webster. A command of English will be his for ever.

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Religion

DEO ABSCONDITO

ULRICH E. SIMON: *A Theology of Auschwitz*. 160pp. Gollancz. 25s.

AUGUSTIN CARONAL BEA: *The Church and Manhood*. 282pp. Translated by James Brand. Geoffrey Chapman. 30s.

VICOMTE LÉON DE PONCINS: *Judaism and the Vatican*. Translated by Timothy Tindal-Robertson. 199pp. Britons Publishing Company. 30s.

Dr. Simon, now an Anglican clergyman and a Fellow of King's College London, is of German and, it seems, of Jewish origin. He lost his father in Auschwitz at the hands of the Nazis and his brother in Russia at the hands of the Communists. He sets himself to discover the lesson of Auschwitz. He accepts Auschwitz as the total example of absolute evil and absolute lovelessness. In the sins which most of us come across some element of love, even though it is a perverted love, is usually intertwined with evil. The psychologist can, as Chesterton said of Browning, make his way into the lowest of thieves' kitchens and accuse men publicly of virtue. Not so at Auschwitz. Even Browning could have found no jot of loving in the actions of the murderers of Auschwitz.

To what lesson should this utter wickedness lead us? Does it prove that there is no God, that it is an obscene mockery to speak of men who did such things as men made in the image of God? Not so, thinks Dr. Simon. There is a God, but he is *Deus Absconditus*. Man has the power to avert his eyes from Him and from the law of love which is His law and, when he does so, to attempt to build a society that is utterly godless and utterly loveless. We have now the experience of Auschwitz to show us what are the conclusions to which such lovelessness leads. The godless society carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction. To see to what it leads let us look at Auschwitz rather than at more normal secular societies which seem to prosper but do so only because they are still living off the capital of their religious predecessors.

Dr. Simon contrasts the deaths at Auschwitz with the death on Calvary. Christ's death also was a triumph of lovelessness. However we may appraise the share of blame between those who procured his death or estimate their motives, it is certain that they were men without love—men at the best who preferred the letter of the law to the love of the spirit and, doing so, brought to death the Lord of love. Their triumph would have been complete even though, triumphing, they had wrought their own destruction, had the Cross been the end of everything. But after the death came the Resurrection—the proof that life ultimately triumphs over death. Dr. Simon quotes from Luther:

If you believe in no future life, I would not give a mushroom for your God... do then as you like, for if no God, then no devil, no hell... then plunge into lechery, rascality, robbery and murder. What point then in healing evils? If the world be ultimately the absurd prison which Sartre depicts in *Huis Clos*, writes Dr. Simon, "healing is but a prolongation of agony. Though nihilism is the end to which man comes at Auschwitz, he has in him this obstinate refusal to believe that nihilism is the final word. Dr. Simon does not pretend that any but a few of the victims of Auschwitz were themselves at all conscious of the redemptive purpose. It would be asking too much of human nature."

that they should. But he returns justly again and again to one heroic figure among the victims of Nazi tyranny—a person well worthy to be included in the calendar of regularly canonised saints and perhaps before very long destined to be included there—Edith Stein, who after her martyrdom prayed for the S.S. men and their families.

because it was given to her by God to implant the Cross in the complete desert of hatred. As one who awaited beatific perfection in profound peace, she was completely prepared for the meaningless hell of perpetual destruction. Dr. Simon, if it be not too ungenerous to descend to detailed criticism, has a certain Teutonic verbosity in his literary style and could perhaps have made his points a little more clearly and crisply. Of his general thesis one could say that, however compulsive its reasoning, it would have been almost indecent if someone on whom no shadow of such suffering had personally fallen, had completely drawn out its theoretical lessons. Coming from a man with Dr. Simon's history it is a profoundly moving book.

Cardinal Bea's book, admirably translated by Father Brand, will be valuable as a book of reference, but it cannot be pretended that the great Cardinal has much of the poetic or the prophetic flair. Unlike Dr. Simon's, so obviously the product of deep personal tragedy, Cardinal Bea's book smells a little of the seminary lecture room. His argument is uncomfortably loaded with biblical quotations, always with the exact reference given in brackets, with numbered divisions of paragraphs and key phrases in italics. Like Dr. Simon, Cardinal Bea is also a German whose natural habit it is to write ponderously. Yet truth will out—even in a theological text-book—and through reference and cross-reference shines out the burning sincerity of the Cardinal's faith. It is the basic assertion of this book that Christ died for all men and that it is therefore the duty of the Christian to love all men.

The Vicomte de Poncins quotes (careful not to commit himself) assertions to the effect that the Cardinal's name was really Beja, the name of a Sephardic Jew, that he was guilty of simony in having taken money for his sponsorship of the decree about the Jews and that everything was fixed at a

secret meeting between him and the B'nai B'rith organization in New York. Why a Christian priest should require some secret coaching from a Jewish organization in order to discover that it was a duty of a Christian to love his neighbour it is not easy to see. It is obvious that on Cardinal Bea's principles, whether Jews are good or bad, nice or nasty is secondary. It is his duty to love them because they are men.

One wonders, if the Vicomte de Poncins should chance to read Dr. Simon's and Cardinal Bea's books, whether he would not begin to feel a little ashamed of himself. The Vicomte is at great pains to show that other people besides Jews died in Hitler's concentration camps—which no one has ever denied—and that the number of Jews who died there was not, as is commonly said, six million but 1,200,000. He does not make a very convincing case for his lesser figure but obviously there is no way of knowing the exact statistics. Yet one could hardly take the line that murdering 1,200,000 people did not very much matter because it was less than murdering six million. This is about as unattractive a book as can ever have been published.

The technique of those who are anxious to discover some group that is in conspiracy against the world is familiar. It matters little who are selected as the conspirators—communists, Jesuits, bankers, freemasons, Jews—or whom you will. The technique is to get hold of some erudite author in the allegedly conspiring group, to collect from him absurd sentences and then to quote them as evidence of a universal ambition or belief of all members of that group. It is to this treatment that the Vicomte de Poncins submits the Jews. He finds two or three Jewish authors who apparently have committed themselves to a belief that the whole human race should become subject to the Jews. The quotations may be genuine. If so, so what? Everyone knows that there are the widest differences of belief among Jews, from the entirely orthodox who repudiate Israel as a secular state to the extreme unbelievers whose only ambition is to lose their Jewishness. Between them is every variety of liberal and conservative. Among Jews as among other people it is to be found a sprinkling of wild men and crackpots. There is no small reason to think that these speak for the whole body of their fellows.

NAE BISHOPS

IAN HENDERSON: *Power Without Glory*. 184pp. Hutchinson. 30s.

Ian Henderson is a Presbyterian, a member of the Church of Scotland and the Moderator of the Presbytery of Glasgow, where he has been for the past twenty years the Professor of Systematic Theology in the University. He could not conscientiously accept bishops or worship in a church where they functioned.

To him the Ecumenical Movement, far from being a sincere attempt to

end the scandal of ecclesiastical divisions with their obviously painful frustrations, is no more than the work of "ecclesiastical power operators" inspired from the first Edinburgh Conference sixty years ago by "Anglican imperialism". He compares the Anglicans with the Walrus and the Carpenter inviting the Church of Scotland to their feast, and writes of "ecclesiastical flies" being exorcised "to walk into the nets of ecclesiastical spiders". It is all part of the English attempt to subdue Scotland, and history from the Reformation onwards is reviewed to support the thesis of "the Anglican take-over bid".

Professor Henderson views the world in which the Ecumenical Movement functions as though it were the creation of Caeleodemon, a crazy world in which everything is seen in reverse and where all motives are the only motives and it is power disguised as the will of God and supported with sacred prayers. The book is almost frightening in the intensity of its vision, and though no doubt it is only the expression of a small minority of opinion, it serves as a warning to the over-optimistic that even in the best of times the world is not what it seems.

MORE RAHNER

KARL RAHNER: *Theological Investigations*. Volume III: *The Theology of the Spirit in Life*. Translated by Karl-H. and Boiface Kruger. 409pp. Darton, Longman and Todd. £2.15s.

More Rahner, but Rahner with a difference. It is not a little disconcerting when this theological frontiersman is suddenly discovered digging the cabbage patch. The subjects covered in the fifth volume of his "investigations" to be published in this country include asceticism, good intention, devotion to the Sacred Heart; and at first glance it would appear that Rahner's best theologian had thrown over his contemporary aspirations and withdrawn into the shades of *devotio moderna*. But in fact this collection of studies on the spiritual life are perfectly consistent with Rahner's previous work. He brings the same sure insights and resounding conclusions after leading us painstakingly through the ground-work of his selected subject; to see him at work is to watch a sheerer cut and fleece his sheep like so many sacks of potatoes.

Thus when he deals with asceticism, three types are labelled—and dismissed as non-Christian. Moral asceticism, that spiritual gymnastics of "holding down all dangerous urges of nature within us", is "bourgeois-Christian". Ritual asceticism, avoidance of ritual impurity, is a God-seeking gesture common to all men and not peculiar to the Christian life. Mystical asceticism, the familiar gamut of the ascetic practices, still falls short of the real thing as the sexual mummals full short of true love. And now Rahner gets into full stride. Asceticism

is "passion", the suffering faculty of man which culminates in his death. Man practises asceticism in the deeper sense whenever he looks at death-situation "straight in the eye by saying yes to it."

In lighter vein is "a spiritual logue at evening" between Fr. (Karl) and Doctor (Benigno), somewhat sceptical devil's advocate. The subject at issue is: what is sleep and why should we pray before-hand? Their Socratic exchange explores the medical virtues of sleep—the Ovaline theory as it were. But Rahner is dissatisfied. He enquires, for instance, why it is always thought better "to sleep on it" than to decide today, and soon suggests that the world of sleep is full not only of Jungian dreams but also of spirits, both good and bad. From his "theological ontology of sleep" he draws the maxim: "that before sleep one should pray, one ought to pray really well."

There are large sections of his book which will be welcomed both by users and by their confederates: a useful chapter on good intention where Freud and some common sense are well-matched. Jesuits will turn with interest to his treatment of the Sacred Heart and Ignatian mysticism. In all, the book is something of a Christmas stocking, and probably Rahner at his most readable.

VICTORIAN PREACH-IN

ALAN M. G. STEPHENSON: *The First Lambeth Conference, 1867*. 309pp. S.P.C.K. for the Church Historical Society. £3.3s.

By the middle years of the nineteenth century the Anglican Church had developed that a conference of its bishops should have seemed an obvious step. In a period of imperial expansion it had begun to function in almost every place to which Englishmen went, and the relation between the Mother Church and her offspring demanded serious attention. In the same period the Oxford Movement, in spite of opposition, was giving the Church a new awareness of itself and of its historical significance which was leading to an upsurge of renewed life. But what probably counted for even more in giving birth to the Lambeth Conference in 1867 was the appearance of novel and possibly heretical views in the celebrated volume *Essays and Reviews* and in the writings of Bishop Colenso. Men felt that the Faith was in danger and that a gathering of the bishops might restore stability.

But what emerges from this scholarly piece of work by the Principal of Ripon Hall is that the conference met only after much misgiving. Longley, the very able Archbishop of Canterbury, saw its dangers and realized that unless he was very careful it could divide the bishops and so be worse than useless. He dared not allow it to become a synod defining or promulgating doctrine; nor could he allow it to function as a judicial body to condemn Colenso or anyone else. What mattered to him was the drawing together of a widely scattered Church. If he allowed the more fiery bishops plenty of rope—and he did—he would see that they did no harm. The Church probably owes more to him than was realized at the time or later, for the Anglican amalgam—Catholic, Protestant, Broad—which to an outsider might seem far from comfortable, survived.

When the Lambeth Conference was all over it received a bad press. *The Times* was typical. In its leading article it disliked the "sermon in state" as it called the Encyclical, but it conceded that its language was better than what came from the Vatican—and had the merit of brevity. *The Times* was annoyed that Rationalists and Ritualists should escape, but, oddly enough, thought that the Encyclical's attitude towards Romanism might have been more conciliatory.

According to the organizers, there were more than 60,000 new titles published at this year's Frankfurt book fair. Add to these the 140,000 titles and a completely fair assessment of all that is interesting and remarkable in publishing today becomes impossible.

There were interesting differences between national exhibits: the Anglo-Saxon with a steady and consistent design towards the functional in design and appearance of their



A copper engraving by Janos Kossuth for a dramatic poem on Moses, published by Magveti, Budapest.

books, but with little excitement or original presentation; the French, Italian and Swiss, more creative but still mostly conservative; and then Germany and East Europe, where smaller publishers were their willingness to experiment with type and illustrations.

As well, there were many joint exhibitions and heavily illustrated books. The photo-book, consisting of well-bound-out and beautifully illustrated photographs, is almost a new phenomenon, or a photographer, or a photo-essayist, who also produces documentary or historical material. The book, *The Voyages of Ulysses*, by T. S. Eliot, is a masterpiece of his travels, and contains essays on the Odyssey and the Ulysses. The book is a "coffee-table" book.

have also changed in their content. Visual communication has to be backed by verbal communication. It is no longer enough to produce books by mixing old engravings, photographs and reproductions to provide atmosphere.

Now, Rencontre has produced a series of books on biology with magnificent new photographs specially taken and linked to newly conceived illustrative diagrams, which although not always successful make a strong visual impact. An Austrian publisher has produced a history of the last one hundred years in Austria seen through posters and public announcements. There are similar publications on French and Russian revolutionary posters.

At the other end of this scale there is, for instance, a large glossy book on "Man and his Tools" with beautifully printed colour-photographs of old tools, a subject which has been dealt with much better and more cheaply in the *Oxford History of Technology*, even if there are today, as the blurb says, more and more collectors of old tools.

The Central European publishers still provide the best entertainment and visual excitement, partly because of their traditional concern with the aesthetic appearance of the book as a whole. A Conan Doyle edition by Mosaic Verlag is in an illustrated cassette. The two volumes are bound in cloth printed with a chequered pattern leaving the detective's profile in white. S. Fischer Verlag are publishing a most attractive complete edition of Thomas Mann in "canvas-backs" (paperbacks covered with printed linen).

Piatti still produces an unending variety of ideas for his covers of the Deutscher Taschenbuch Verlag. He has proved that a definite house style in design does not lead to a loss of originality. No other paperback publisher with a comparable output has produced anything that can compete for appearance and visual continuity with this series.

In typography there is more unjustified selling, ranging usually on the left and mainly in non-fiction books. There is also a German trend towards what one may call concrete prose, with a Joycean length of sentence set in bold type without paragraphs. Concrete poetry has become almost respectable and *Concretism* (Stuttgart), an essay in typographic orchestration by Tardieu, is a beautifully witty dialogue published by Gullimard. The various voices—soprano,

tenor, contralto, &c.—are represented by different typefaces, and the volume of the voice by smaller and larger type. In general, however, the concrete poetry publishers who were the rebels of previous years have started to produce expensive bibliophile editions, and this year's rebels sell the types of broadsheet and poster which are sold here in boutiques, and some parts of Oxford Street. Even strip cartoons are now published in expensive limited editions, so great is the success of Pop art.

One of the most interesting and successful combinations of Pop and Avant-Garde illustrations, diagrams and a variety of display typefaces is a book on sex education illustrated by Heinz Edelmeyer for the Jugenddienst Verlag.

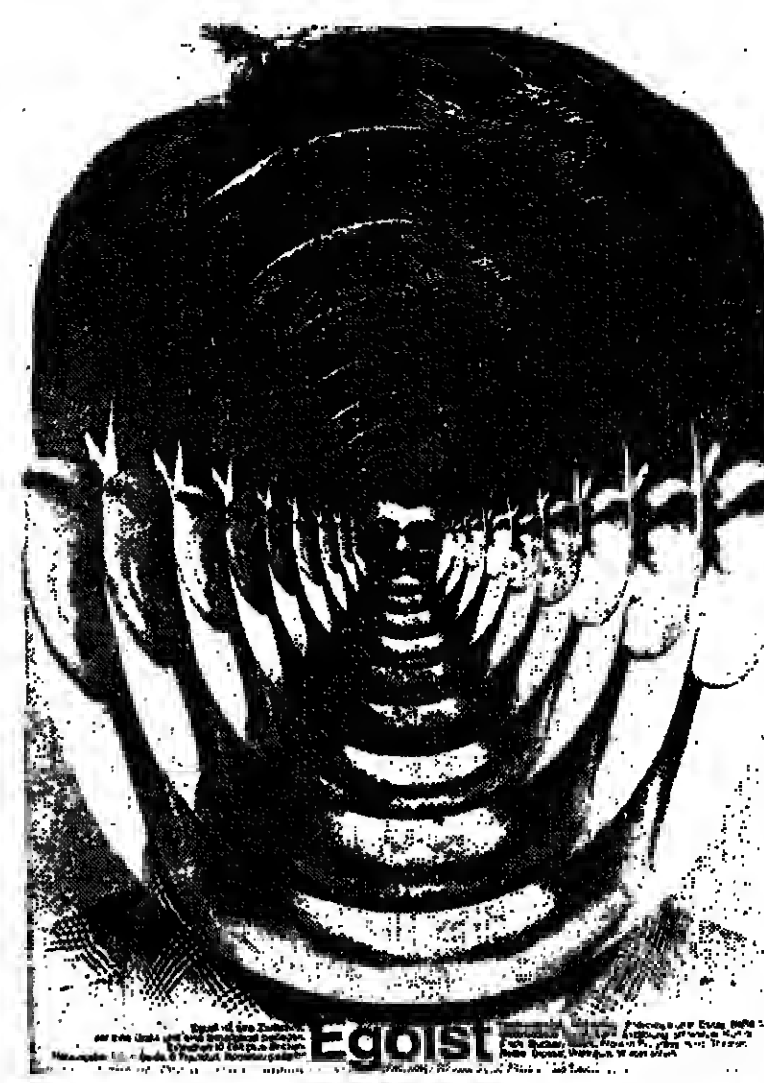
Illustrations are generally more interesting and experimental than in previous years. A blockbook by Peter Weiss appears with red line-blocks overprinting negative type areas. Suhrkamp's spectrum-coloured paperback series publish *Der Schatten des Kutschers* by Peter Weiss with the author's original surrealist collages from old engravings. These appeared first in a limited edition several years ago.

Czech publishing has gone even further with illustration techniques, following some Polish experiments on similar lines. Bohumil Stepan uses a combination of photographs and painting to illustrate a translation of Marcel Aymé's *La Jument verte* and Václav Sivko has produced the most exciting children's book illustrations of the year, using a combination of collage, engravings, drawings and photographs in a volume of modern Czech tales, which is to be published in English by Paul Hamlyn under the title *Modern Tales and Fables*. The effect is to create a most enjoyable atmosphere of absurd wit and playfulness.

Right: part of a page from *Modern Tales and Fables* published by Artia, Prague (English edition, Paul Hamlyn). Below, left: one of Peter Weiss's collages for his *Der Schatten des Kutschers*, published by Suhrkamp, Frankfurt. Below, right: an illustration by Heinz Edelmeyer for *Anders als bei Schmetterlingen*, published by Jugenddienst, Wuppertal.

BOOK DESIGN AT FRANKFURT

By Felix Gluck



Poster by Rambov & Lienenmeyer for a new literary periodical published by Adam Sedke, Frankfurt.

All the cars now made a terrific noise, sparks flew to every side, the pistons in their engines ran up and down at great speed, and the cars were off. Only one remained standing where it was—and that, of course, was the Ring-a-ling Car. It was trembling with fear and far too weak to start out on the race. The umpires looked at one another and shook their heads. And the Comet was nowhere to be seen.

What had happened to it? The Comet had forgotten all about the promise it had given the Ring-a-ling Car yesterday. It was singing a merry song as it flew back to its cottage, and whoosh—it flew straight down the chimney. But when it reached its bed, it stopped in great surprise, hardly able to believe what it saw: the bed was beautifully made, the striped bedspread shaken up and tidy as never before. It must have been the Ring-a-ling Car who tidied my bed for me, it occurred to the Comet. And then it suddenly remembered its promise. Whoosh!

It flew quickly out of the chimney again, and made straight for the race-course. All the other cars had already covered half the distance, but the little Ring-a-ling Car was still standing, sad and unhappy, at the start. The

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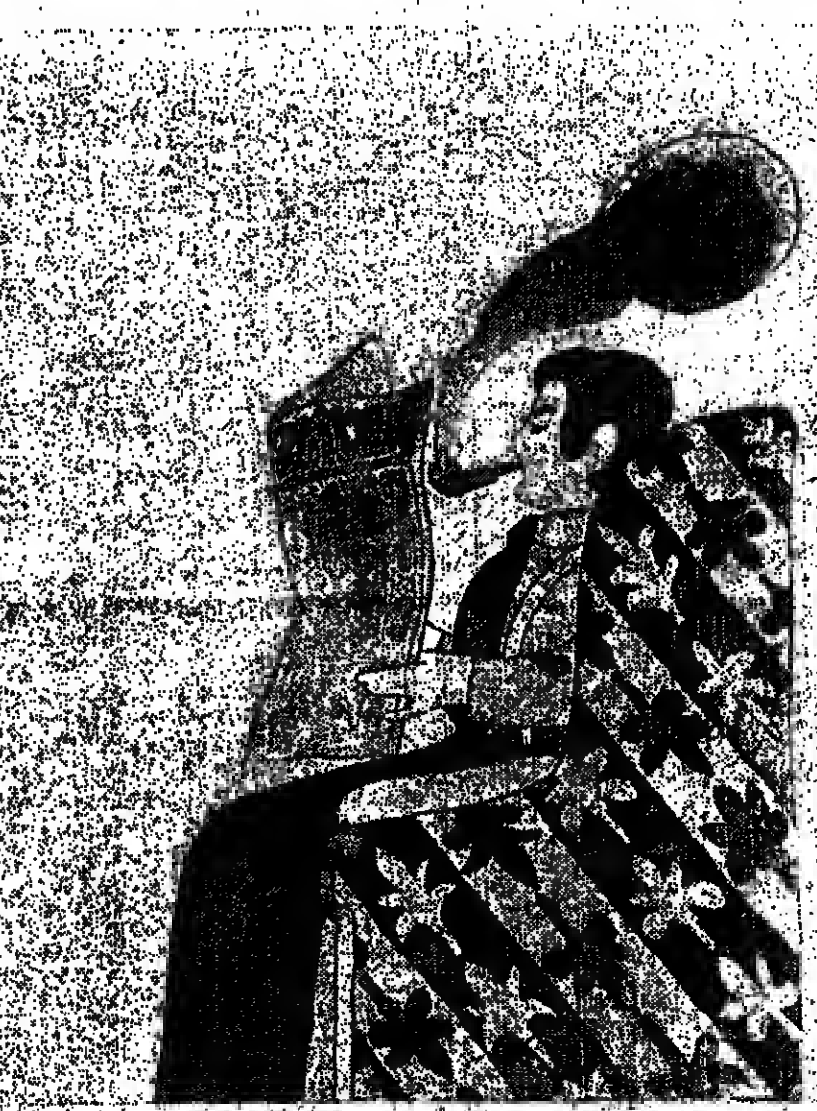
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PETER YOUNG



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Letters to the Editor (continued)

THE WHITE TERROR

Sir, Scholarly courtesy requires that someone come to the aid of the reviewer of *The White Terror* and the *Political Reaction After Waterloo* (August 1967). Three of your readers remind me that the book is not written about the White Terror, but about the White Terror.

Our Reviewer writes: "I do not think my premises have led me astray in my criticism of Dr. Resnick's book. Of course no one would deny him the right to tackle a subject that has scarcely been written about for nearly ninety years. My point was that it seemed a pity that a book so scrupulous, so imaginative, and so carefully confined in tone, should have thus been devoted to a subject both complex and puzzling, and that in the process of being investigated by other, less hurried, historians, in exhaustive works on the regional aspects of the White Terror, the author is aware of the articles that Dr. Gwynne Lewis has already written on the subject of the White Terror in the Gard."

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BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

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Our Reviewer writes: "I do not think my premises have led me astray in my criticism of Dr. Resnick's book. Of course no one would deny him the right to tackle a subject that has scarcely been written about for nearly ninety years. My point was that it seemed a pity that a book so scrupulous, so imaginative, and so carefully confined in tone, should have thus been devoted to a subject both complex and puzzling, and that in the process of being investigated by other, less hurried, historians, in exhaustive works on the regional aspects of the White Terror, the author is aware of the articles that Dr. Gwynne Lewis has already written on the subject of the White Terror in the Gard."

Given his unusual premises, it is no wonder your reviewer ignores the thesis, manifest in the title, structure and substance of this work, that the White Terror was a political reaction against the defeated Napoleonic regime. The term "political reaction" is never mentioned, but words like "murderers", "assassins", "White terrorists", and "savagery" assail the eye every time. Historical perspective, which your reviewer ascribes to "innocent" is rejected in favour of an anti-historical preoccupation with "blood and thunder", a preoccupation inspired on his own admission by literature.

Even though the book itself examines the progressive decline of violence as the reaction became an instrument of state policy, your reviewer attaches himself to the hypothetical and allegedly persistent criminal tendencies of southern French Catholics, a concern he attempts to dignify as "the study of popular mentalities". Do not the practices by which violence was brought under control—legislative, administrative and judicial (the focus of half the book)—deserve description as something better than "reaction"? Do not the tables which the reviewer cites for other purposes have equal importance for indicating a declining incidence of arrests? His steadfast belief seems to be that for the Protestant, the southern French Catholic must remain ever unchanging and always the enemy. In my country, similar attitudes are regarded as racist.

Your reviewer apparently believes that Protestants were the only reasonable element in the Gard. He shows no interest in finding out why they were the special targets of royalist gangs. Has he no interest in the political and economic position of Protestants under the Napoleonic regimes, and their unwillingness to overturn Napoleon's Hundred Days by force of arms? He appears to be so convinced, in spite of a law to "the recent past", that the answer to the attack on Protestants is to be found in the criminal mentality of non-Protestants, attached to the grievances expressed in the White Terror of 1793-94, that the intervening history of twenty years has little significance for him. Contemporary English travellers failed to understand the compromised political position of southern Protestants in 1815 because they ignored the same history of twenty years which the reviewer chooses to dismiss. It is these largely ignored historical questions that are examined in the chapter "Reaction in the Gard".

Nonetheless, one should perhaps be happy at his silence, since some of his actual references to the text after it in an unscholarly manner. According to the reviewer, "mauvais esprits" has been translated as "bad spirits", a conjunction the careful reader will find nowhere in the book. Examining the table of political arrests (p.133), the reviewer concludes that the Héralg had an incidence of 133 arrests from July, 1815 to June, 1816. The reader will find that the table indicates twenty-four arrests for that period, but none for the summer and fall of 1815. Perhaps your reviewer intended to refer to the incidence of court convictions, and not to "the number of arrests".

The author is accused of having managed to write without reference to the food shortage of 1816. Clearly your reviewer missed the discussion (pp.55-56) of the impact of the drought and food shortage in the Gard. Summer of 1815 on having the food shortage emerge full-blown in the year 1816 that he could not accommodate himself to discussion of its origins? Although it would have been possible, in describing the activity of the provost courts, to oxaluate the smuggling, attacks on grain shortages of 1816-17 (and my footnotes and bibliography will help an interested reader to do this), the reviewer's character of this violence must be of peripheral interest for a study of the political reaction. It would certainly be important for "the history of crime" which your reviewer has in mind.

I appreciate your reviewer's praise for the book, I hope to examine, and agree with him that it deserves continuing study. It is not inappropriate, I trust, to suggest that his monograph has been written to support my book for many larger works. Since my book has been moved the reviewer to 3,000 words, I would hope it moves his students even further. I hope also that further research will be founded not on presentation but on the facts of the case. The book is about a fixed pattern of southern behaviour, but on a more open study of the history of France.

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